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The Dayton Collection

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WILBUR WRIGHT

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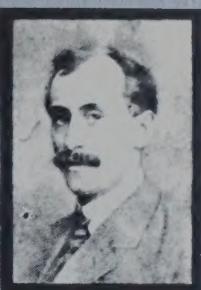

ORVILLE WRIGHT

The Dayton Collection

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New Magazine

Featuring local artists and authors
Written by and about the Miami Valley

DAYTON, OHIO.
JUNE 17-18-1909.

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Everyone has heard what it's like to live in a historical district. Art Wild has some thoughts on what it's like to move out of one and into suburbia.

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Plus- Recipes and a Crossword Puzzle

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VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1

Editor: J. Frederick Arment
Associate Editors:
Barbara Arment
Daniel McCormack

This month's cover: A Dayton Collection broadside poster of Dayton's coming home welcome to the Wright Brothers.

The Miami Valley Contributor is a bimonthly news/literary magazine concerned with area issues and artistic endeavors. Articles, photographs, illustrations and literary selections are composed by local residents.

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Thanks to those who helped in the production of this magazine:

Cindy Bornhorst-Winslow
Darren Hites
Jane Heatwole

Thanks to the Dayton Montgomery County Public Library and Kevin Smith for the use of the Dayton Collection pictures. Thanks to Jay Heilman and Bill Mooney for the pictures of the restoration site.

Letter From the Editor

THE CONTRIBUTOR IS A NEWS/LITERARY MAGAZINE FOR AND ABOUT THE MIAMI VALLEY. "Big Deal!" you probably say, considering the fact that newsstands are piled with old and new magazines that will never make a bit of difference in your life. To some, the very idea of another magazine comes as an imposition on already complex lives. It is a shame that we must spend so much time trying to discover simple truths from what has become an overload of information. "The media is the message," the late Marshall McLuhan concluded. The Editors of the CONTRIBUTOR are aware of this frustration and do not intend to add fuel to its fire.

THE CONTRIBUTOR WILL ATTEMPT TO FILL A VOID CREATED BY OTHER MEDIA ESTABLISHMENTS. When you pick up a magazine, newspaper, book, or any other kind of written material, you have a pretty good idea of what it will contain. Each form of expression has a list of "do's" and "don'ts," a way of writing, and a way of presenting material. Conservative marketing techniques require the publications to set patterns which have sold in the past. By establishing these patterns, most publications put out the same thing every time. You could pick up a publication put out in the early 70's and compare it with a recent edition in the 80's and odds are that only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

THE CONTRIBUTOR IS A MAGAZINE WITH A DIVERSIFIED FORMAT. There will not be a large writing staff on the CONTRIBUTOR. Most of the stories will be written by area people about the things which most interest them. The editors will help only if the writers request or need some minor editing. The point of the CONTRIBUTOR is to present a forum for the exchange of information. It could best be described as a communication tool especially designed for this area.

THE CONTRIBUTOR INTENDS TO PUBLISH AREA AUTHORS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, SPECIALISTS, AND ARTISTS. There is a wealth of talent in our area which is currently stifled from expression. Short story writers send manuscripts to national magazines and are rejected by reasons as insignificant as the midwestern postmark on the envelope. Illustrators wishing to be published from the standpoint of individual design find few publications willing to vary from their own precedents. The CONTRIBUTOR is dependent on readers who desire a little difference in their lives. Each magazine will have as its focus Dayton and surrounding areas, but each will be written by different people about different things.

THE CONTRIBUTOR IS FOR YOU AND FROM YOU. The Editors and staff will truly act as an exchange. We do not intend to write the whole magazine nor do we want to bore you with a bimonthly version of our own design. We are dependent upon the readers for submissions worthy of print. In order to make the value in the CONTRIBUTOR continuous we must have the efforts of those wishing to affect a difference. Any viewpoints the Editors convey are not intended to discourage submissions of contrast. This magazine seeks to elude categorizations like liberal/conservative, Democratic/Republican, business/labor. A magazine based on diversity cannot afford to project one-sided opinion. If you detect a slant toward one "side" or another, please have the patience to consider another issue. The next may come as a surprise.

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Buffalo Bill visited the National Cash Register Co. in 1907. He is shown here with several of his Indian entourage and NCR dignitaries including Col. Deeds (next to Buffalo Bill on the steps of Building No. 10 on Stewart Street).

The Dayton Collection

A collage of memorabilia out of Dayton's past and present

The Dayton collection is perhaps the least obvious gem of the "Gem City". Rare books, manuscripts, photos of famous and not-so-famous buildings and people, everything contained in the catacombs beneath the Dayton Montgomery County Public Library exudes a bit of the history of our community.

There is the original deed of Jonathon Dayton turning over executor duties to his son Elias; there is a record book entitled "Stray Animals and Free Slaves": a book to remind us of the sometimes primitive mind of man; there is the copy of "Life on the Mississippi" signed by Samuel Clemens himself when he picked up a copy from his publisher at a postal office.

The Dayton collection is a part of the library which few know about and

even fewer actually see. Which is amazing because it is freely accessible to anyone who explores the main or special Dayton card catalogue. There is no charge for access nor is there a surly librarian with a maternal philosophy toward library possessions.

The fact is, the Dayton collection has always had an identity crisis. The public library is conscious of its responsibility to keep tabs on items involved in Dayton's history. Along with local universities, the Dayton Historical Society, and the Dayton Art Institute, the library by its very nature is the logical place to catalogue the precious memorabilia of yesterday and today.

The basis of the identity crisis lies not in the library's attitude toward the responsibility, but rather in its ability to respond to sometimes voluminous quantities of material. The Dayton collection is a result of a few individuals taking an interest in the future. The rare book and manuscript collection itself is due to individuals donating collections and keepsakes. The condition of the collection is due to a few librarians who acted as curators of the rows and rows of books and photos and who had the presence of mind to take more than a passive interest.

One librarian in charge of the Dayton collection took it on as a personal charge to arrange and catalogue literally thousands of manuscripts. Another processed negatives and matted pictures which, if not for this display of foresight, would have been lost forever. Still another determined the addition of a safe to be necessary for the survival of such original documents as the collection of "Laws of the Northwest Territory"

Kevin Smith, the current librarian in charge of the Dayton collection, is carrying on the tradition of those in the past. Mr. Smith is presently sifting through a collection of pamphlets comprising a series of file cabinets which at the very least can be described as formidable.

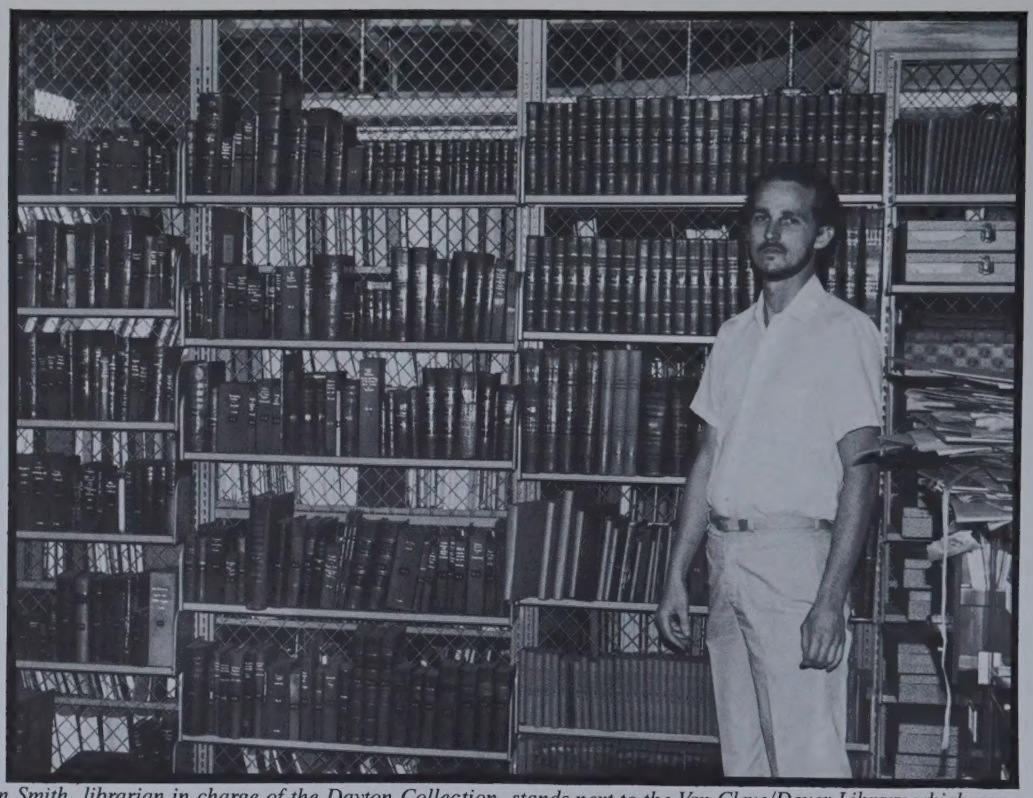
The task is not just a series of filing functions. According to Smith, a lot of it may just be junk but, "what's junk now maybe isn't junk thirty years down the road." Each brochure and program becomes a major decision. Each pitched document is a potential disaster for future chroniclers of area history.

The library does not have a policy on retrospective purchasing (the policy of searching for and purchasing items of historical significance). The large collections of books, libraries and manuscripts have been donated by concerned people. The budget problems associated with trying to care for the present collection discourages larger visions. With only one librarian assigned part time to the collection, problems with care necessarily arise. Books are lost, photos turn up missing, decay sets in year by year with constant pursuit. The funds it would take to put in controlled temperature and security functions are not something the library can consider. So exists the identity crisis of whether the collection is to be sheltered or accessible, sought after or cared for by default.

Meanwhile, the library does its best to keep the collection accessible to the public. It does not seek publicity for the collection. That would be flirting with potentially disasterous consequences. Their policy is one of service to those in need of materials for research. The index for the manuscript collection can be perused at a glance. Broadsides, another word for posters, can be handled safely because of the efforts to encapsulate them in plastic covers. The files and files of photos, safely controlled on black matting, can be chosen and the negatives checked out for reprinting.

Then, there are the books, the rows and rows of finely bound, fragile books.

During the street carnival in 1899, onlookers are entertained by circus elephants bathing in the canal at the public landing near present day Patterson Blvd.



Kevin Smith, librarian in charge of the Dayton Collection, stands next to the Van Cleve/Dover Library which contains books of uncalculated worth. The collection, which was owned almost entirely by Benjamin Van Cleve, dates to the early 1800's.

Books of every discipline imaginable. Books whose only connection might be that they have been owned by a Daytonian or, perhaps, that a Daytonian prefaced one of the editions. Books about the area line the shelving to the tune of 6,000 volumes. If you want to know Dayton's history or architecture, the Dayton collection has it. If you would like to see the city plan of 1929, the library has it.

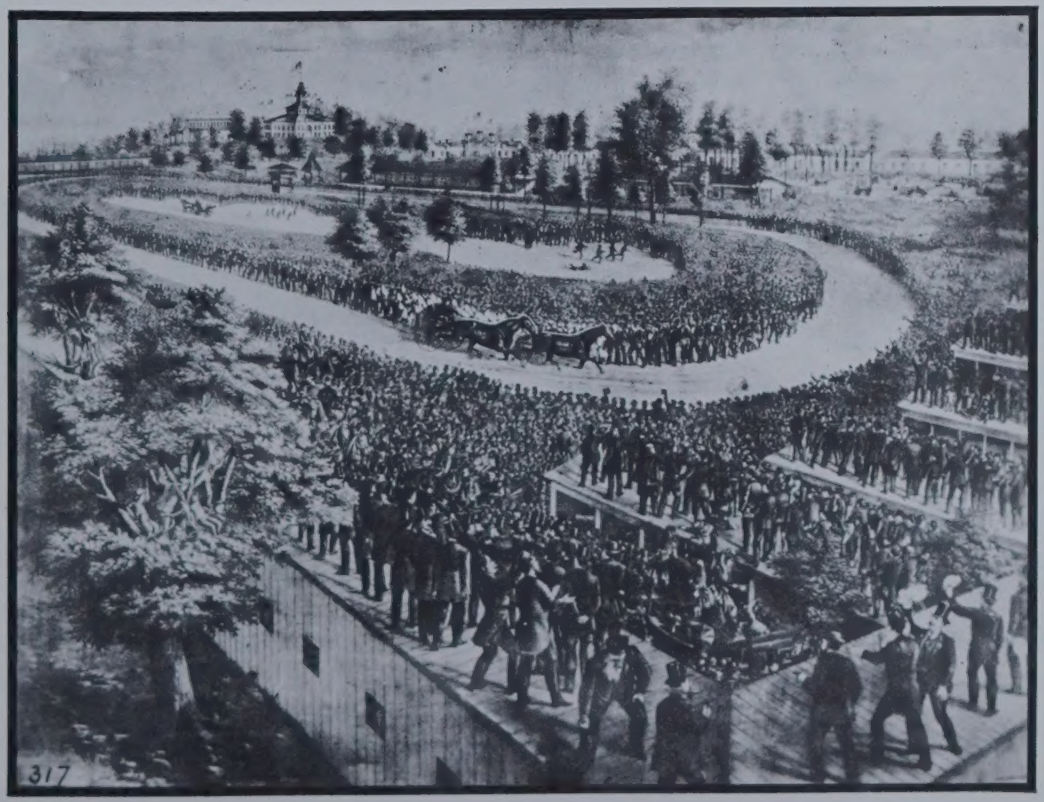
To understand the significance of this collection, one does not have to be a collector of rare books or a Doctoral candidate. You only have to pick up an original edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the "Van Cleve/Dover" collection to see the importance. To understand the value and responsibility of those in charge of the Dayton collection, you would only have to realize that Kevin Smith found Samuel Clemen's signature on that old copy of"Life on the Mississippi" by a fluke personal interest in the story.

The Dayton collection is neither a gem tarnished by age nor its relative condition of poverty. Perhaps, the most interesting aspect of all about the collection are the items yet to be discovered. Hidden significance is the spark of history. For area researchers and future curators the task has only begun.

This photo of Matilda Dunbar, mother of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, was taken by Daytonian and Internationally acclaimed photo-artist, Jane Reese.

A rare shot of women attending a rally in July of 1923. The Dayton women of the "Ku-Klux__Klan-Class of 2000" at the first open Konklave proves that prejudice knows no sexual bounds. The reference to "Class of 2000" is not identified.

The Southern Ohio Fair Grounds in Dayton as they appeared friday October 2nd, 1874 at the Goldsmith Maid and Mate Race. An attempt at setting the world's record of 2.18 resulted instead in a tie for the record and a disappointed crowd of close to 100,000 people.



Dayton's Enterprise Zones

The 80's Answer to Urban Renewal

In the 1980 election, as in every election, the "problem" of the cities came up in almost everyone,s speeches. It was at this time that a catchword of urban renewal came into the language of American politics. "Enterprise zones" seemed to be the answer of the 80's for America's cities. It spilled over with the best of the tax revolt and supply side economics. It seemed, indeed, to be an answer.

For Daytonians the debate is just beginning. Finally, after all the rhetoric, we have our own Enterprise Zones. We can pack up our business luggage and move into some of the most underdeveloped areas of the city free of charge and the city will hand over the "keys" to a taxless fiscal year.

Not quite...

Enterprise Zones are classified as depressed areas in a particular community which are in need of urban renovation. The State of Ohio, like other states around the country, passed a law granting funds for tax abatements to businesses which locate within these areas.

According to Tony Char, Administrator for Public Affairs and Development, the Enterprise Zone "is not a solution in itself." It is rather one more tool in the hands of the city planning department. They are not actively publicising the idea with anything more than a brochure that is mailed upon request.

Ohio Enterprise Zones, as the brochure explains, "are intended to be a tool for the revitalization of depressed urban areas. They are intended to promote business investment, increase overall employment and encourage businesses to provide job training and child care for disadvantaged employees in order to facilitate their employment through the provisions of local and state incentives in the form of real, personal and franchise tax abatements and tax credits for training and child care."

As the program is set up, businesses interested in applying for the tax abatements and low priced property must submit a proposal to the City. The applicant must provide estimates of the number of new employees to be added to the payroll. Also, "an estimate of the amount to be invested to establish, expand by at least 20% renovate or occupy a facility which includes new buildings, additions or improvements to existing buildings, machinery, furniture, fixtures and inventory and a listing of the enterprise's current investment" is required.

It begins to look more complicated than the politicians' simplistic rhetoric would have us believe...

All of the stipulations are straight out of the Ohio Revised Code as established from the March of 1982 "Urban Jobs and Enterprise Zone Act". Dayton was certified on June 15th of this year.

The benefits of the act are substantial:

1. Up to a 5 year exemption of up to 100% of tangible personal property first used in business at the project site;

2. Up to 5 year exemption of up to 100% of real property constituting the project site;

3. Franchise tax credits;

4. Day Care reimbursement credits up to 300 dollars per child up to 24 months;

5. Job training payment or reimbursement credits up to 1000 dollars per employee participating in a training program.

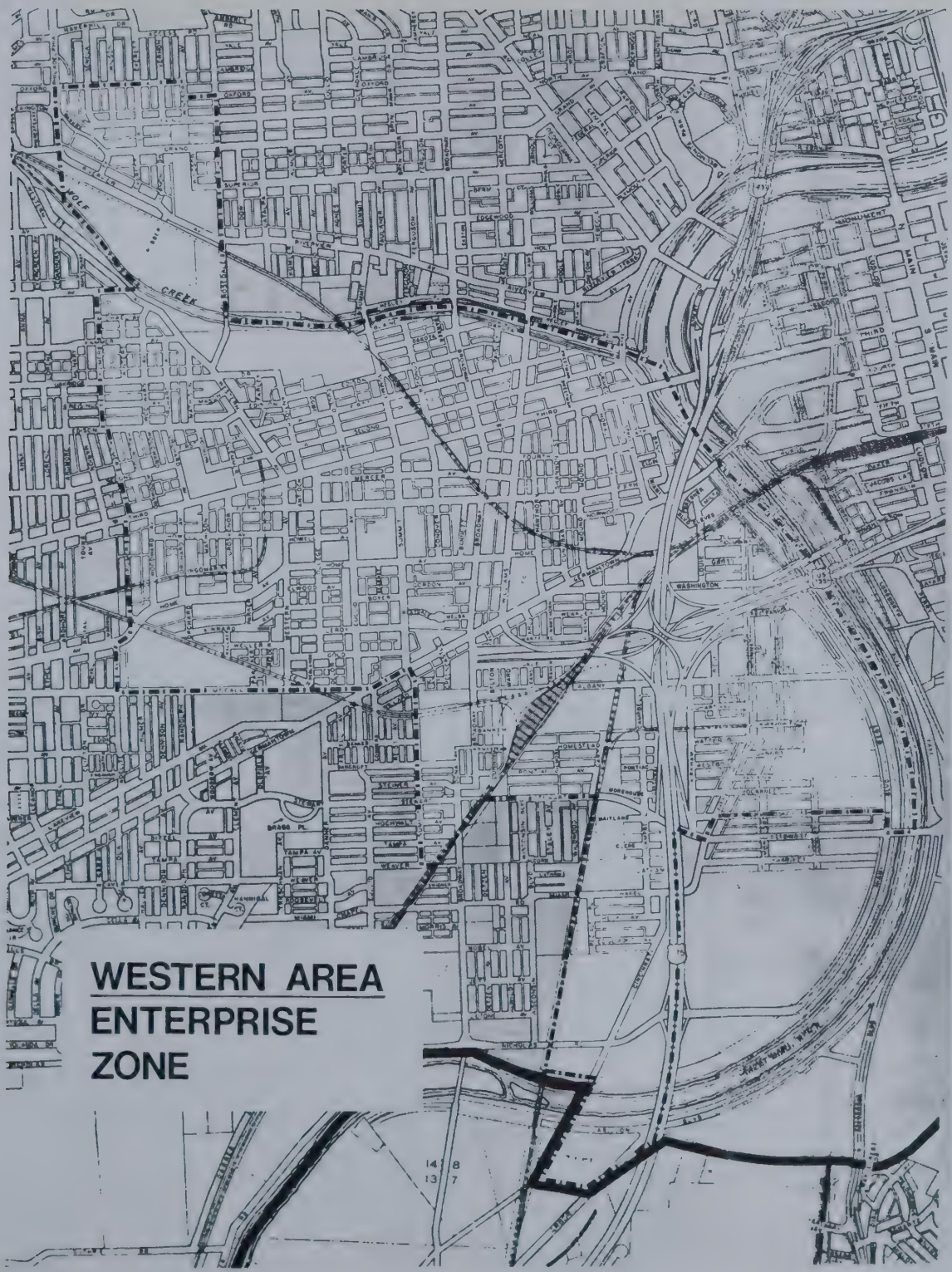
With these benefits to lure potential entrepreneurs, come the filing fees. "A filing fee of 1500 dollars, of which 500 dollars is to be paid at the time an enterprise submits a proposal. The remaining 1000 dollars is due at the time an agreement is executed with the applicant.' The fee is set high so the city can weed out businesses which are interested in something for nothing and to reduce administrative costs,according to Char.

A Tax Incentive Review Council, the members of which are yet to be appointed, are to review the agreements each year. Only businesses which are located in the city are eligible for these benefits as consistent with the state law. The "rob Peter to pay Paul" method of drawing businesses in from other areas has been written out of the Enterprise Zone acts.

Two business are already involved in the program. Dayton X-Ray is under construction at a site on Albany Street. Also, the plan submitted by PK Lumber was approved by the City Council in August.

Interested..?

Contact Anthony B. Char or Wanda Wiedman at the City Building. Phone-225-5117.



Taking in a large portion of Dayton west of the Miami River, Enterprise Zones are intended to encourage businesses to locate in depressed areas.

The Eastern Enterprise Area already has two takers. Dayton X-ray on Albany Street and PK Lumber on the corner of Mound and Norwood have received a 100% tax abatement on property taxes for five years.

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A Matter of Living

a story by Art Wild

I grew up during the Eisenhower presidency in Belmont, that bastion of middle-class stability in southeast Dayton. I walked to drugstores with soda fountains, hardware stores, hobby shops and record shops, school and church. I walked to Lohrey Center and the Parkmoor restaurant where I hung out in Levi's and ducktail, ogled girls and got into fights. (The Parkmoor did not bridge the gap to the next generation. The southeast corner of Smithville Road and Watervliet Avenue provides a do-it-yourself carwash where eighties' people attend to Cameros, Trans-Ams, Japanese compacts and low-rider pick-up trucks.)

My wife and I married during the Kennedy presidency. We settled into an apartment in Patterson Park (also in southeast Dayton) and began to raise two sons. In the next eight years, we lived in Kettering, (the city with no downtown), and Randolph Township near Englewood.

We returned to the City in 1976, to St. Anne's Hill Historic District in lower East Dayton, contiguous to Oregon District. The house was a large (7-room), old (over 100 years), two-story brick with high ceilings, 84-inch windows, fireplaces and original wrought iron fence.

One of our reasons for settling near the inner-city is the same reason people built those historical homes and formed a city during the last century. Folks have usually moved to cities to seek that which was not available to them on farms and in small villages. (Read: suburbs.) Cities offer access to employment, the market place, free services, culture and grassroots politics, community and fellowship.

We walked to the grocery, the corner bar, the spaghetti house, the hardware store, the bakery and the jewelry store. We walked to Bomberger Center and ate free lunches when I was unemployed. We walked to the Oregon District to see how the "other-half" made silk purses out of decayed, vandalized and burned-out houses.

We bought our old home on LaBelle Street from our landlord who did not know about the historical zoning and had no concept of its market value. We attacked the house in spurts of energy followed by long periods of inactivity. We experienced "burn-out" and we questioned the viability of struggling against the neglect of absentee landlords, the irresponsibility of transient residents and the lip-service of city officials. We joined the St. Anne's Hill Historical Society, the neighborhood organization.

St. Anne's Hill Historical Society (SAHHS) was formed in 1974 around a small, but determined and vocal group of resident homeowners, in response to the bulldozer and wrecking ball mentality of city officials during the late sixties to the mid-seventies. City planners had written-off many of Dayton's older neighborhoods and architectural treasures in the "urban-renewal" mania that seized so many American cities during the period. A political cartoon published in the Dayton Journal Herald, April 1, 1974, depicted Mayor James McGee at the helm of a bulldozer trashing St. Anne's Hill. Indeed, McGee had stated that some parts of St. Anne's Hill looked like they needed a bulldozer. Some of the neighbors were veterans of a previous skirmish with the city in 1960 when the city commission favored clearing the neighborhood to accommodate light industrial expansion.

The 'Steamboat House', restored in 1975-76 by Alice Woodward, became a symbol for the ascending status of St. Anne's Hill Historic District. It was recently added to the National Register of Historic Places.

SAHHS has prevailed against terrific odds and bureaucratic indifference to establish a stable, home-owning family character for the neighborhood. The neighborhood organization has fostered an uncommon sense of "neighborliness". Neighbors assist one another and socialize with little regard to such differences as age and economic position.

We attended parties where retired long-time residents engaged in animated conversations with new young residents. In St. Anne's Hill, we had old-house problems in common to discuss and solutions to offer. Such conversations usually continued into other avenues of shared interests, such as books, music, pets, children and city politics.

This sense of belonging to the neighborhood served to galvanize us against the transient ghetto four blocks away, the occasional arsons, break-ins and vandalism, as well as the down-the-nose stares and patronizing comments of suburbanite friends and co-workers. We became activists in SAHHS. I wrote and edited a monthly newsletter and some brochures, along with letters of anger or appreciation to city officials. I served on committees. My wife served as an officer and chaired a committee.

After seven years in St. Anne's Hill, we moved to the suburbs. The primary reason for the move was economic. We bought a property vacated by my father when he moved to Florida. Dad offered us the opportunity to purchase a 23-year old, one-story brick ranch with a good furnace and tight windows, central air, two bathrooms and a two-car garage, on one-third acre, below market price. Our newer home is located in a strip one and one-half miles wide between Dayton and Beavercreek called Mad River Township.

We have sold our old mechanical push mower and bought a self-propelled swath-cutter. (By God and Toro, I have never cut this much "lawn" in my life.) There seems to be an obsession with "lawns" in this new neighborhood. No one in the suburbs can imagine cutting a fifty-square-foot area of grass on a typical inner-city plot. And they do not call it "grass". It is remarkable that someone in our four-square block neighborhood, at any time between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m. is cutting, edging, spraying, stroking or cajoling the "lawn". They trim trees and prune shrubs and bushes, plant flower and vegetable gardens and pull weeds. Perhaps these suburbanites are in want of necessary tasks, such as replumbing, rewiring and rehabilitating old homes.

We drive to the convenience store and the discount department stores. We drive to pick up pizza, beer, pop, hardware and baked goods. We drive five more miles to work. We drive to the gas station.

We have taken note of critters outside our household. In the city we lived with three cats and a dog, who still provide us with love and loyalty and make us feel needed. Although Mad River Township is close to the urban community, we have observed chipmunks and cardinals and robins and bluejays, no pigeons and few starlings. The other day we observed a blackbird with a green head, caped like a mallard, in our front yard under the spreading maple. It appeared to be listening to our hushed exclamations of joy of discovery.

The other night we were watching a movie on televi-

sion. A police car pursued another auto full of criminals with siren wailing. My wife noted, 'We've been here two months and we haven't heard a police or fire engine siren.'

I responded, 'We haven't had to drive over broken glass in the streets.'

We used to drive city streets to and from our home in St. Anne's Hill. Occasionally, a local in a sixties mobster car with rear end elevated above my line of sight would stop in the middle of the street so that the occupants could converse with friends, thus preventing travel in either direction. Now we drive city streets to Mad River because Route 35 is reduced to one lane due to repairs and construction of I-675. We would prefer the occasional inconsideration of individuals to legislated inconvenience.

In St. Anne's Hill we were involved in preserving the character of the neighborhood. We prevented absentee landlords from establishing a convenience store and an appliance repair store on residential properties. We agitated the city into actions resulting in the closing of a pair of video-game/pinball parlors which attracted rowdy punks and drug dealers. In Walnut Acres, we have learned that resident-property owners have banded together to object to development schemes proposed by owners and potential developers for a large parcel of non-residential land contiguous to the subdivision.

In our old home, we decorated with furnishings and accessories which recalled the turn-of-the-century to the thirties. We brought the Tiffany lamp, the wind-up Brunswick Phonograph, the pharmaceutical cabinet that serves as a china hutch, the curio cabinet and the large brass trimmed four-poster bed to Golf Street. We hung etched glass panels in the front picture window and a stained-leaded glass piece in the dining-room window. Our future projects include installation of a canvas awning in place of the aluminum awning that covers our rear patio, and a natural wood fence in place of the chain-link fence (with plastic color strips for privacy) that contains the backyard area patrolled by Macho the dog. In St. Anne's Hill, we had a cherry tree in the backyard and a young crabapple, installed by the City of Dayton in our "tree lawn", that strip of grass between the sidewalk and the curb. In Walnut Acres, we have several mature, luxuriant trees. We are thinking of planting more trees. At least, we must plant a cherry tree.

We maintain contact with the old city neighborhood. We make a weekly trek to Xenia Avenue Market to pick up our ration of ground beef. It is natural, never frozen and unadulterated. Sometimes, we take along one of "Big Jim's" pizzas with all natural and fresh ingredients.

Alice Woodward, who saved the "Steamboat House" on Josie Street (overlooking Keowee Street) from the wrecking ball, graciously contributed her St. Anne's Hill scrapbook for use as a memory-jog for the author. We miss Alice and all our other neighbors in St. Anne's Hill who were always friendly and supportive.

When we moved to our new neighborhood, we discovered six friends and acquaintances in the subdivision. Our neighbor across the street, after observing our lack of experience with the gasoline-powered gizmo, called me over for a quick run-through on his Toro. He is probably disappointed that we have hired our older son to "tend the lawn". We have been perusing the discount store shopper ads for weed-eaters and electric shrubbery trimmers. It is getting late and I must call Bill at the other end of the street to confirm our car-pool arrangement for tomorrow morning. We have lived in Walnut Acres three months.

Art Wild's former residence on LaBelle Street in the St. Anne's Hill Historic District. The house, one of five constructed by a German family, was built around 1885.

Tear-out coupon section

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An aerial view of the 'Incinerator Site' Village shows the pattern of houses marked by rectangular patterns of post holes. A field of Sudan grass lies adjacent to the outside perimeter.

Revival of a Village

The Restoration of the 'Incinerator Site' Fort Ancient Indian Village brings living history to the Miami Valley

It was a beautiful day, one of those the Miami Valley has only occasionally. Clear sky, almost no humidity. The sun seemed to highlight every movement of wind on leaves.

The Indians knew the day was good. There was little the Indians did not know about the Miami Valley and its conditions. They had the presence of mind to locate on its richest land and within yards of the Miami River, a waterway navagatible all the way to Mexico.

They knew how to use the rich land and the occasional accompaniment of days like this. They cleared weeds from the roots of the corn, bean and squash patches. They raked the center plaza area until it was free from any clutter. Some shook deer skin hangings and woven cattail rugs while others repaired thatch roofs. A group of men carried a thirty-foot ridge pole over to where it would be lofted atop the newest house.

Men, women, children, all members of the population we call Fort Ancient Indians, moved with a sense of survival, an attempt to live at the same time within the richness and restrictions of the Miami Valley.

Such might be a slice of the life experienced in the 12th Century Indian village which is known today as the "Incinerator Site." For approximately 25 years, a group of Mississippian Fort Ancient Indians lived in an encampment alongside the Miami River. They hunted deer, planted corn, domesticated turkey, made elk and deer skin hangings, buried their dead beneath limestone slabs and generally went about the business of living.

Most of us who have an interest in this sort of thing usually look to such visions to sustain our attention. We need to see them walking and talking. We need to make their lives a movie or group them together with dialogue in a book. To others the broken remains of pottery or a series of post holes discovered in alignment are enough to spark the imagination for years of dedicated work.

James Heilman and his group are such people. They are gifted with a sense of importance which turns fossilized remains into kingdoms. The archaeologists, the botanists, the volunteers who dig into the dirt, all are determined to find links to form visions of the way life might have been.

Heilman, Curator of Anthropology at the Museum of Natural History, has been working in the Village since 1971. The Incinerator Site's discovery in 1969 by local amateur archeologists John Allman, Ken McNeal, and Charlie Smith drew less than raving reviews by city officials. The museum was allowed to explore the site with the stipulation that a three day notice was all it would take to follow through with the City's plans for a Sludge Treatment Lagoon.

Heilman and his people set to work uncovering burial sites, finding pole alignments of houses and ceremonial lodges, digging for remains of scientific value. Always with the thought in the back of their minds that within three days the site could be lost, Heilman and the group used the best available but less than adequate methods to uncover as much as possible. These were the days of rapid speculation and rapid discovery.

Today their methods are first rate. The process is slow and redundant. They no longer have to deal with a three day deadline. The two completely restored houses were built with structural accuracy and, in fact, with mostly the same tools used by the Indians in the 12th Century. A center post of red cedar stands casting shadows toward geometrically significant positions. Turkeys roam among the ten foot sections which have been painstakenly combed for artifacts such as pottery shards and arrowheads. A garden rises out of historically accurate patterns with specially produced regressive strains of corn, squash and sunflowers. The outer stockade is beginning to show signs of its circular nature. In all, the Village is beginning to be restored to a semblance of its prime.

Very soon the public will be able to get a view of this living legacy of Ohio's early history. Plans include a complete restoration of the village. Houses, stockade, ceremonial and sweat lodges, even the fields of tall prairie grasses will be reinstated to their original condition. As soon as funding permits, possibly as early as next year, the Museum will begin construction of an Interpretive Center and accept visitors into the Incinerator Site. An observation deck on the second floor will be designed to enable visitors to view the entire Village.

This lath -and-daub construction house was reconstructed using techniques and materials as close to original as possible. The interior was changed from night to day-living by rearranging mobile wall hangings of skin and woven reed.

New posts have been set in the holes uncovered by archaeological digs. Plans have been made to erect more in addition to the 3 structures already standing at the site.

It is just before sunrise. The summer morning haze is lightening very slowly as if a curtain is being drawn from the face of the sun. I can see the Village now and can barely distinguish the wooden stockade from the surrounding prairie grass. It is over 400 feet in diameter, houses in a circular pattern beginning 10 feet inside the defensive outer walls. They are sturdy water- tight structures, thatched roofing of Blue Stem prairie grass; mud walls of lath-and-daub construction; circular entry holes for keeping the elements on the outside.

Morning fires send smoke out through the triangular openings in the roofs of the hovels. The movement of children darting out to recover something from the storage pits in front of the houses bring my eyes in toward the center of the Village. I see the limestone slabs of the dead, some white and obviously new while others are dark and broken at the middle and edges. The burials stop at a clean center ring. The central plaza is clear of the clutter which characterizes the rest of the Village.

My eyes light upon the center post, a tall red cedar devoid of branches, rising into the sky like some ominous obelisk. Around it are four other poles arranged in a parallelogram, the very accuracy of alignment an indication of their intended significance. Not a soul moves within the central plaza. Only the stilted movements of straggly-looking turkeys, pecking for pebbles, can be seen within the perimeter.

It is August 20th. The Indians begin to move with intensity as the sun's rising comes closer. They have known for weeks the time was near. The corn has risen to a full height and it will only be left to time for the grain to turn from green to yellow. The summer rains have all but disappeared. And, more importantly, the shadow of the red cedar has begun to angle slowly toward the headman's fire.

The activity in the village is gaining momentum. Children peer cautiously from doorways. Men go to the ceremonial lodge to confer and exchange impressions of the season. Women shake down the bear and deerskin hangings, turning the night houses designed for sleeping into open daytime quarters. The camp is making ready for the moment when the Green Corn Ceremonials will begin.

As the sun begins to emit a luminous aura just before it peaks the trees across the Miami River, there is no smoke from morning fires. All fires were extinguished the day before in preparation. Everyone waits as the red cedar, in unison with the sun's rising, sends a shadow across the central plaza into the doorway of the headman's house. It takes but a moment, the shadow materializing behind the cedar post

in a quick darting motion.

As the shadow enters the doorway of the house and slices the headman's fire ring, a blaze is carefully lit from prepared shavings. The first fire of renewal. Partially religious, partially social, partially a show of the accurate knowledge of the elders. An agricultural festival giving thanks for the impending harvest. A time to celebrate work done and renew for the work to come. Soon the green corn will be brought from the garden with ceremony befitting the occasion. It will be burnt in slow fires of sacrifice to the supernatural. The Shaman will wear masks with jagged lines under the eyes, the weeping eyes of the Southern Cult religion. Children will watch in awe. Women will prepare a feast of squash, bean, meat and, most importantly, corn. The Green Corn Ceremonial has begun another year of harvest for the 300 Villagers on the banks of the Miami River.

James Heilman and fellow workers spend summer days recreating the reality which gives a basis (though, as he would say, a slim basis) of fact to this fiction. It is hot work but when visiting the Village it becomes apparent that the people have a time which more than outweighs any minor inconvenience. Professionals mingle with ten-year olds participating in Museum sponsored Lore Classes. Sixteen year-olds from the Summer Youth Program dig alongside candidates for Masters programs.

The task of excavating the Village has been formidable. Over 50,000 pieces of pottery have been dug up, cleaned and marked. Animal bones are sent to Dr. Orrin Shane at the Science Museum of Minnesota for detailed analysis in order to learn more about the diet 800 years ago. Gail Wagner, a former Kettering resident who now lives in Yellow Springs, has developed a soil flotation procedure for complete floral analysis. Each section is carefully combed for anything which might provide links to the past.

The Fort Ancient Indians are a strain of a larger organization of native inhabitants called the Mississippian population. From archaeological digs such as Incinerator Site, the Mississippian Indians are said to have originated around 500 A.D. and disappeared around 1700. This places our village in the latter end of the time frame.

Even though anything you could say about the Mississippian Indians could and would be debated, there is some evidence that simply told the Adena-Hopewell are their forerunners and the Plains Indians such as the Shawnee and Siouan of this area and the Creek, Choctaw and Chickasaw of the Southeast were their decendants.

The Incinerator Site Village is as representative as any village of the hard to stereotype Mississippian Indians. The villagers hunted large and small game with bow and arrow, fished with hooks made of bone, farmed the land with intensive maize (corn) agriculture which was supplemented with crops such as beans and squash. Houses were rectangular in shape, made in the manner of wattle-and-daub construction (clay plastered over a framework of poles and lath, with a thatched roof of cut prairie grasses). Burials were situated within the village area in dug graves topped with limestone slabs of varying length and thickness. The richer Indians were buried closer to the center ring, befitting some kind of religious and social place of honor.

There is much debate about the religion of the Incinerator Site Indians just as there is about the Mississippian Indian population as a whole. The Southern Cult, or the Southern Death Cult, or the Buzzard Cult as it is referred to in some areas, has yet to be identified as a distinct movement in North America. Religious markings on pottery and other objects lend toward inclusion of the Mississippian culture in this rather bloody Mexican tradition. However, as in everything else over a few years old and unrecorded, much debate remains. Some contend the Incinerator Site could very well play an important part in the identification of heretofore hazy avenues of religious trade.

With all the good things about the Village there must, as is usually the case, also be bad. As much or more of the considerable expense involved in the excavation (dependent as it is on private donations, we might interject) is spent on preventing the Village from being razed by vandals. In 1982, an authentic village house painstakenly built with sweat and dreams was burnt to the ground. This along with many other episodes of vandalism has necessitated measures such as fences and overnight guards at the site. The location of the Village is not publicised and trees camouflage the entrance.

There are some, it seems, who remain unaware of the value in aligned post holes and broken pieces of pottery. Then again, there are others, to whom we are indebted, who are gifted with the detailed knowledge of an antiquity buried beneath the ground.

A view from inside the headman's hut of the tall cedar which stood as a seasonal time-piece for the Fort Ancient Indians.

Skin Problems Have Solutions

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Local aesthetician Barbara C. Arment discusses causes and prevention of oily skin and acne conditions.

In order to understand the needs of your skin, it is important to distinguish between various skin conditions. Treatment which improves one skin problem will irritate another. Therefore, it is important that a careful analysis be made before administering any treatment. It is my hope to familiarize you with some common skin problems in order that you have a better understanding of how to treat these skin conditions.

WHAT IS ACNE?

Acne is a clogged oil gland resulting in a pimple or blackhead. The basic causes of Acne are 1) enlargement of the oil glands, 2) increased thickening of the cells lining the pore, and 3) increased stickiness of the oil. This causes a large production and accumulation of oil beneath the surface of the skin. The increased thickening of the cells lining the pore opening, combined with the stickiness of the oil, make it almost impossible for the oil to flow from the pore.

*Acne, thus, is characterized superficially by a small pore opening surrounded by inflamed skin. Because the pore size is so restrictive it is important not to squeeze this skin type. When you squeeze, the oil can't exit the pore so it is dispersed into the skin (causing a worsening of the acne condition).

TYPES OF ACNE:

1) Acne Near the Skin Surface:

Acne occuring close to the skin surface is referred to as either a pimple or whitehead. A pimple looks like a red bump with a white pustule on the surface. Pimples shouldn't be squeezed because these pustules contain bacteria which will spread the infection. A whitehead usually isn't inflamed, but has a white, hard surface with no pore opening. Whiteheads are usually found in the eye area and can be removed professionally with a minimum of discomfort. Whiteheads may be caused by high cholesterol intake as well as the use of creams which have a high fatty content.

2) Acne Deep Within the Skin:

Cysts are deep, red bumps which form when the oil gland is blocked deeper under the skin. The resulting oil accumulation has almost no connection with the outside skin, therefore no draining ability. The oil glands usually rupture spontaneously (without the application of pressure) into the skin causing the formation of tender sebaceous cysts. These usually begin as a swelling and elevation of the epidermis (skin surface). The swelling continues until the cyst is red, sore, and feels as though it is under pressure internally. This "pressure" sensation is due to the build-up of oil which cannot drain. Cysts should not be squeezed because drainage is virtually impossible, forcing the toxin deeper into the dermis (inner layer of the skin).

What is a Blackhead?

Blackheads (comedones) are also the result of blocked oil glands close to the skin surface. A blackhead differs from a pimple in that it has an enlarged pore opening, and generally isn't inflamed. Because a blackhead has a large pore opening there is less danger of infection when properly extracted.

*The black part of a blackhead is the result of 1) pigment the oil collects on its way from the oil gland to the surface, and 2) the oxidation of the oil upon reaching the skin surface. (Not due to dirt accumulation, as most people believe.)

WHAT MAKES THE GLANDS ENLARGE?

1) Increases in the male sex hormone levels (androgens) which are present in both males and females. These

hormone levels fluctuate at puberty (resulting in teenage acne) and during the female menstrual cycle (resulting in menstrual skin problems). Stress has also been proven to cause fluctuation of hormonal levels.

2) The oil glands are host to symbiotic bacteria (bacteria which live in the oil glands and are not harmful) that feed on the flowing oil and nutrients passing through the ducts, (this is normally non-irritating to the skin). However, when the gland enlarges and excess oil is produced, more bacteria are fed and a build-up of bacterial wastes (fatty acids) accumulates. These fatty acids are very irritating to the skin. Inflammation occurs if they escape from the gland into the skin, resulting in a pimple or cyst.

FACTORS WHICH CAUSE ACNE:

1) Foods high in fats, starch, and sugar tend to worsen an existing acne condition, although food generally isn't a major factor in causing acne unless the individual has a food allergy.

2) Stress increases hormone levels and has a marked effect on the skin.

3) Cosmetics which contain oil applied to the skin surface have the same effect as if the pore produced excess oil...the gland will be blocked. This results in the formation of numerous small, minimally inflamed bumps in the area where the oil substance was applied (these bumps are called papules).

4) Squeezing furthers existing acne.

5) Improper diet, exercise, and water intake all affect the condition of the skin.

ACNE TREATMENT:

1) If acne condition consists mainly of blackheads;

a) an abrasive such as, Loofa, Buf Puf, a cosmetic brush, or natural subsances such as cornmeal or oatmeal dampened with water, are beneficial to slough away the surface blockage. If the skin has an excess of blackheads Apree Facial Scrub is nice.

Use all of these products gently and avoid any product which contains polyethylene as these plastic granules are too abrasive to the skin surface. Also, don't use abrasion of any kind on inflamed skin as this will spread infection.

b) galvanic and ultra-violet treatments, administered by a professional, make a definite improvement of problem skin. These currents are used professionally by licensed Cosmetologists who have speciallized in skincare and are called Aestheticians. The galvanic current is used during a treatment to clear the skin of oil, dead skin, and cosmetics. It does so by virtually melting the substance, enabling the Aesthetician to remove these impurities.

The Ultra-violet frequency is used because it has a healing and germicidal effect. It simulates the effect of sunlight except that the Ultra-violet blue (the healing, germicidal part of the spectrum) has been isolated from the burning, cancer-causing ultra-violet red.

c) a clay or tightening mask at least once a week is a good routine to establish at home to keep the skin toned and blackhead accumulation at a minimum. Frequency of use depends on the severity of the skin condition. A professional should be consulted to avoid excessive use of such a product.

d) water intake should be at least 8 glasses a day to flush impurities from the system.

2) If Acne is Pimple Type;

a) use water- based makeup or none at all.

b) use mild drying agents, these usually contain a sulfur, resorcinal, and alcohol formulation.

c) use a mild anti-bacterial agent such as Benzoyl Peroxide. This product is effective because the germs that live in the oil glands are anaerobic (cannot live in oxygen). The peroxide floods the oil glands with oxygen (which kills the germs). So, although the oil glands are still producing oil, the bacteria have been destroyed and cannot produce th fatty acids that cause inflammation.

"Clear by Design" is a good water base (2.5) solution Benzoyl Peroxid product. A good drying agent is th Acneveen bar (an oatmeal, 2/Sulfur, an 2/Salicylic acid cleanser). Cuticura als works very well on this skin type.

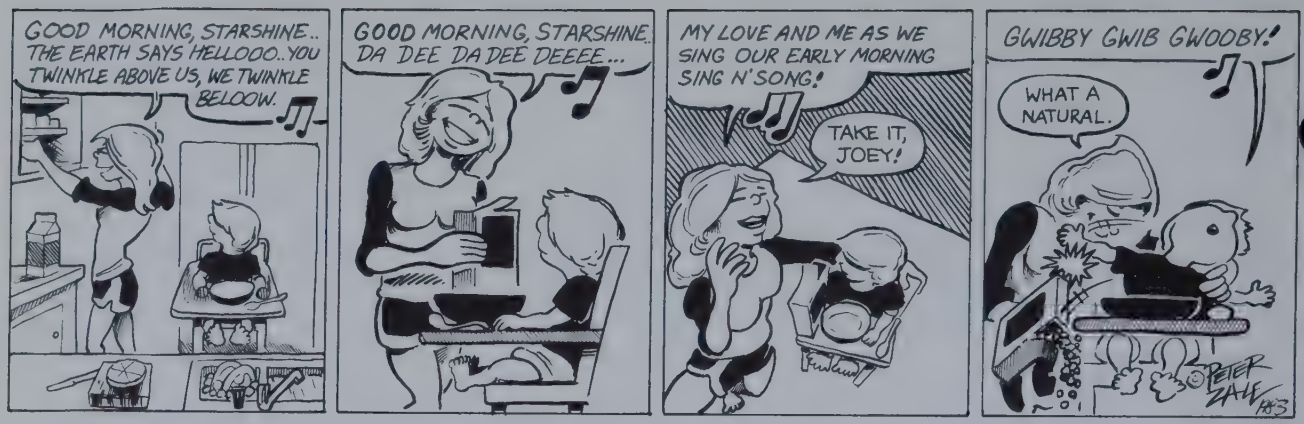
d) exposure to sunlight acts directl on the oil glands to decrease their siz and oil production. Salon applied Ultra violet treatments do the same, as wel as have a germicidal and healing effect

PREVENTIVE CARE;

For all the skin conditions I'v discussed, a good safeguard against fur ther problems is routine home care unde the advice of an Aesthetician or Derma tologist. If problem skin already exists regular salon treatments are necessary

An effective skin treatment con sists of 1) suction to facilitate deep por cleansing, 2) galvanic current disencrus tation for dissolving of surface oil plug and makeup residue, 3) Ultra-violet fre quency for healing and germicidal ac tion, and 4) brush and massage for ex foliation of dead surface cells, an stimulation of facial muscles.

Before allowing any treatment t be administered to your skin, be sure th person treating you is knowledgeable and analyzes your skin thoroughly. B discriminative in choosing a skin pro fessional. You and your skin are wort the trouble.


GOOD MORNING, STARSHINE.. THE EARTH SAYS HELLOOO..YOU TWINKLE ABOVE US, WE TWINKLE BELOOW.
GOOD MORNING, STARSHINE. DA DEE DA DEE DEEEE...
MY LOVE AND ME AS WE SING OUR EARLY MORNING SING N'SONG!
TAKE IT, JOEY!
GWIBBY GWIB GWOOBY!
WHAT A NATURAL.
©PETER ZALE '83

The Art of Fooling Around: *an essay in comedy*

Cartoonist Peter Zale spends a little while 'fooling around' and comes up with an interesting look at the art of putting jokes on paper.

In paraphrasing E.B. White, 'Doonesbury' creator Garry Trudeau remarked that discovering the reason why something is funny is like dissecting a frog--yes, you can do it, but the frog tends to die in the process. Anyone who has had to explain a joke to a friend can understand the paradox. Without the elements of surprise and confusion, a joke cannot exist.

When I started doing comic strips a few years back, I thought about this idea a great deal. I still do, and it troubles me that I must, but thinking about the mechanics of telling a joke is obviously a necessity for a joke-writer. I just wish I could get to the point where it wouldn't trouble me. Anyway, what I'm going to do in this article is tell you about the mechanics of joke-writing (ie. what is funny to us and why) and how yours truly writes his own jokes for his comic strips.

Okay, E.B. White, an essayist, says that explaining a joke is killing a frog. I take that as a given (God's honest truth, really! Can you imagine a former college English major who doesn't regard the author of "Elements of Style" as divine?), thus I will use it in my own definition of how a joke is created. To put it bluntly: Creating a joke is finding a frog, killing it, then creating a clone of the original frog. What does that mean? Follow...

When I get an idea for a comic strip I try to get it down on paper just the way it came to me. However, I can never quite do this because there are so many steps that get in the way of capturing the initial inspiration-steps such as writing believabble dialogue, drawing a recognizable scene, and making sure that what I think is funny can be said and/or done by the characters I am using. In other words, getting the idea down on paper is the chief obstacle towards getting the idea down on paper. The whole process is an exercise in futility, but of course it must be done.

HM.. FINANCES.. JOEY'S CLOTHES, FOOD, DAY-CARE, AND MEDICAL EXPENSES COME TO THIS...
AND THIS FIGURE IS MY INCOME. NOW, WHEN I SUBTRACT ONE FROM THE OTHER, I AM LED TO THE CONCLUSION THAT..
FINANCES
YOPLAIT'D BETTER COME OUT WITH A NEW FLAVOR.
© PETER ZALE 1985

Now, a consummate professional like Garry Trudeau will tell you that once a certain level of expertise has been reached, mechanical problems do not bother you. I believe this is true, and, like I said, I wish they didn't bother me. I think what happens to the experienced cartoonist is that eventually he or she begins to actually think "through" his or her characters. In other words, to simply take for granted that they are destined for funny situations.

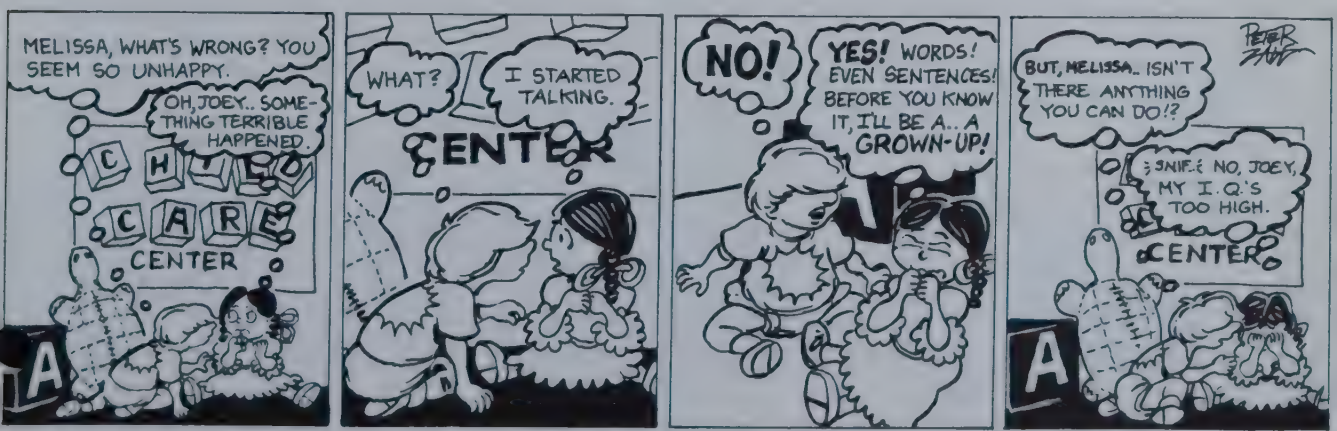
Mike Peters is always telling me to be honest and write about what is most obviously me. Also he tells me to define my characters fully. There is, I think, a connection between what Mike tells me and what is done by Trudeau.

Anyway, what you learn in the process of becoming like Mike and Garry is that your initial inspiration will never make it to the page--only a clone of the idea will, but of course that is okay. Okay, another step in our learning process here is the discovery of why something is funny. Indeed, what does it mean when it is said that something is funny? Things are funny for markedly different reasons. I have done a little studying on this and have pretty much come to the conclusion that there is an underlying principle to everything we consider funny. I'll try to explain.

A fella named Sigmund Freud (no, I'm not kidding) said that humor was the "outwitting of reason". All right, what the heck does that mean? Well, that's not so easy to answer. It means a lot of things. Just give me a minute here to collect my thoughts, and I'll try to tell you about some of them.

All right, first of all, let's define our terms. "Reason", according to Webster's means, "due exercise of the faculty of logical thought". Okay, great, uhh... Why don't we call it what it kind of really is, okay? Let's call it: "Sense of daily normalcy". Okay, "humor". Webster: "a quality that appeals to the sense of the ludicrous or the incongruous". That's close, but it doesn't quite say it because it implies that humor works against reason. What humor really does is sort of turn reason askew, make reason itself appear ludicrous, hence Freud's use of the word "outwit". Implicit in my definition is the supposition that reason, or our use of reason, invites itself to be turned askew. Part of us really doesn't like being reasonable. That is why we have humor. Yet another part of us really adores the fact that we are beings of reason. We are loaded with emotional and spiritual attachment to this faculty of ours. We take pride in "good thinking", and revere philosophers for it. So, we've got two parts of us that are at odds.

If you have read Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels", you might remember the contrasting characters given the names "Yahoos" and the "Whynimms". Well, the Yahoos pretty much represent the side of us that hates being reasonable (the Yahoos are terribly dirty, but human looking creatures). The Whynimms look like horses and think in a perfectly logical way. We've always thought of horses as the epitome of physical beauty, and Swift uses that thought to cast them in our imaginations as personifications of our love of reason.


MELISSA, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU SEEM SO UNHAPPY.
OH, JOEY.. SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED.
CHILD CARE CENTER
WHAT?
I STARTED TALKING.
CENTER
NO!
YES! WORDS! EVEN SENTENCES! BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, I'LL BE A... A GROWN-UP!
BUT, MELISSA.. ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO!?
SNIFF NO, JOEY, MY I.Q.'S TOO HIGH.
CENTER

I CAN'T GO OUT WITH YOU TONIGHT, STANLEY I'VE GOT A PAPER DUE, AND THAT TAKES PRIORITY.
WHAT ABOUT ME? AREN'T I A PRIORITY, MELISSA?
OF COURSE! I'VE GOT YOU DOWN RIGHT HERE ON MY LIST..
①GO TO CLASS ②WORK AT PART-TIME JOB ③ DO HOMEWORK④ WATCH "THE MUPPETS" ⑤SEE STANLEY.
I'M BEHIND "THE MUPPETS"?
YOU'RE AHEA OF "BARNEY MILLER!
©PETER SALE '83

Most of us don't spend much time thinking about this yin/yang relationship. Those of us who do invariably become cartoonists or stand-up comedians or what-have-you. It is hard to understand why some are born with these thoughts and some aren't, but we can see how being born this way can affect one; Mike Peters for instance. Anyone who knows Mike knows he was the only male cheerleader at his school, and that he used to put on a Superman suit and jump on people in urinals.

We can see in Mike's antics something inherent to the comic mind, i.e. an unabashed enthusiasm for life, and an equally unrelenting disregard for conformity (the bastard brother of reason). Comedians often cast themselves as heroes of the good, right and really the reasonable. They make fun of reason in an effort to support it. I think Gary Wills, the columnist, said humor was: "reality making fun of the ideal for the sake of the ideal". This is pretty much what I mean. What a humorist does then is strip away from the ideal all the things it doesn't need. We need to be reasonable, but we sure as heck don't need to conform. Conformity kind of sneaks up on reason sometimes.

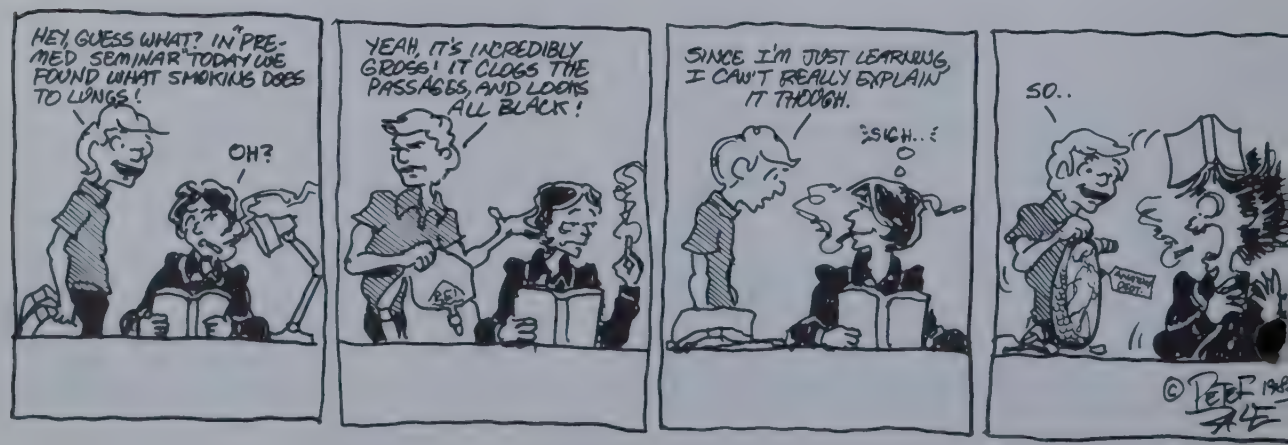
Now then, I think I've talked enough about what is funny in the general sense, so I'll get to it in particulars, particularly my comic strip which has been appearing throughout this article.

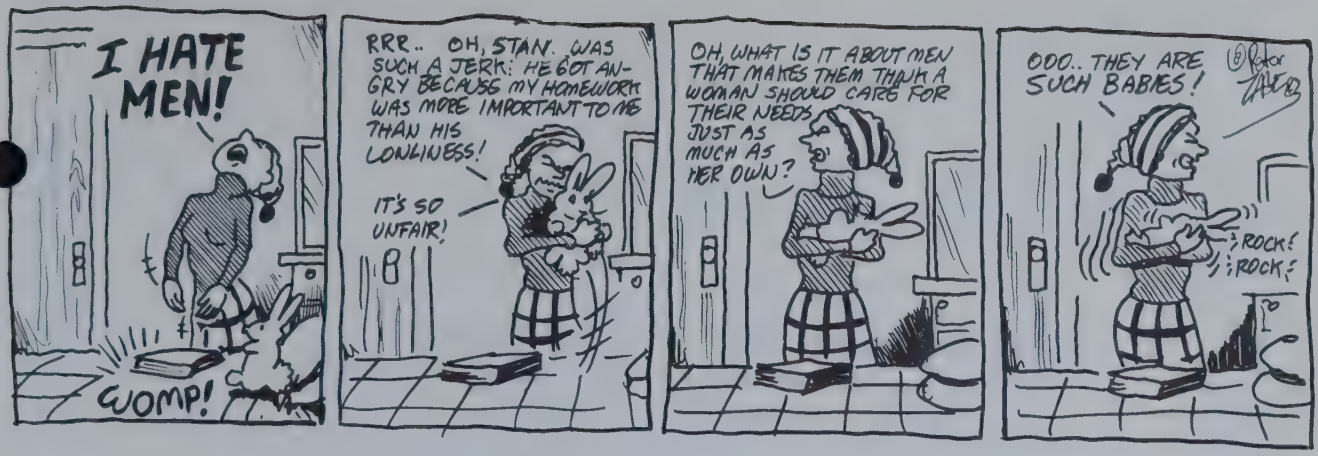
"Robin" is a strip about a young, single mother and her child, Joey. "Robin" was created because I felt that a need existed for men to understand women. The understanding I felt was necessary because of an existing imbalance between conformity and reason. These days, conformity is telling us that mothers are not raising kids alone, while reason is telling us that over 50% of them do. "Robin", then, is a commentary strip, in much the same way as "Doonesbury" and "Sally Forth".

Yet "Robin" (the cartoon not the character) doesn't really confront the problems of being a single parent head on. It does so in an after-the-fact fashion, simply taking these problems as a given and going on to tell a story of the characters' lives. "Robin" is then a strip about people, not specific people necessarily, but "types", the Joes and Janes Average out there. In "Robin" I'm interested in showing how we, as a nation of Joes and Janes, relate to one another.

One "Robin" strip that I've always liked shows Robin dancing around the kitchen of her apartment readying breakfast for Joey, who is sitting in a high chair. Robin is singing "Good Morning Starshine" from the musical "Hair". She continues to sing until the third panel of the strip at which point she turns to Joey and yells: "Take it!" Joey pipes in: "Glibby Glib Glooby....!" Robin wraps her arm around Joey saying: "What a natural."

Simple, huh? Not really. This strip is one of my own little comments on how we relate to the decade of the 1960,s. You see, in the strip we have Robin singing what


HEY, GUESS WHAT? IN "PRE-MED SEMINAR" TODAY WE FOUND WHAT SMOKING DOES TO LUNGS!
OH?
YEAH, IT'S INCREDIBLY GROSS! IT CLOGS THE PASSAGES, AND LOOKS ALL BLACK!
SINCE I'M JUST LEARNING, I CAN'T REALLY EXPLAIN IT THOUGH.
SIGH..
SO..
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY


I HATE MEN!
WOMP!
RRR.. OH, STAN. WAS SUCH A JERK: HE GOT ANGRY BECAUSE MY HOMEWORK WAS MORE IMPORTANT TO ME THAN HIS LONLINESS!
IT'S SO UNFAIR!
OH, WHAT IS IT ABOUT MEN THAT MAKES THEM THINK A WOMAN SHOULD CARE FOR THEIR NEEDS JUST AS MUCH AS HER OWN?
OOO.. THEY ARE SUCH BABIES!
ROCK!
ROCK!

everybody recognizes as a 60's song, and a one year old kid singing the most famous part of it. The nonsense of the lyric was meant, when it was written in the 60's, to be a kind of homage to innocence. In contrast, I have it as really a revelation of innocence. This is because a person is singing it who could just as easily be saying anything else. He doesn't know what he is doing: he's innocent. What I'm trying to say, more or less, is that we now regard the 60's as a decade when we were "innocent", as opposed to our more jaded persona of the 80's.

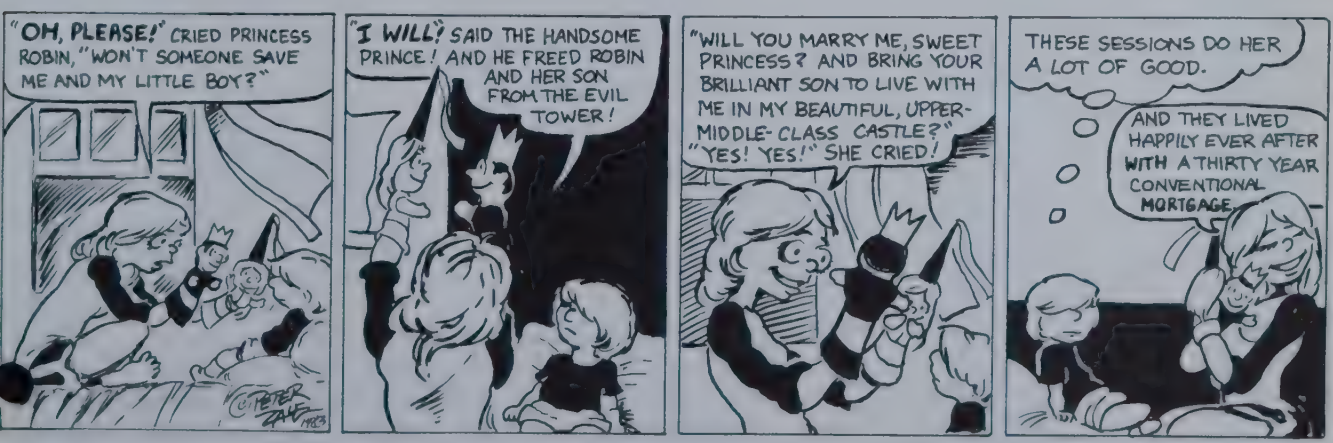
Now, let's apply this strip to the "formula" for comedy we established earlier. The idea of "the 60's" has an existing meaning for people, an emotional and spiritual attachment. The strip plays on this. It takes those attachments and throws them back at you. It's sort of an intellectual thing here. You have certain ideas about what the 60's were which perhaps you've never voiced before. The strip voices these, and so gives you an opportunity to know that your ideas maybe weren't so far off.

But, of course, you had to be led to this point of understanding by my own humble skills. Your reason had to be outwitted. How did that happen? You may have sung "Good Morning Starshine" making your own breakfast. The situation seemed very normal to you. You only noticed something peculiar (and insightful, thank you) after it was too late for your reason to say: "Wait a minute! I'm being appealed to here!" You were manipulated into a situation where your realization came one beat too late. The thought occured to you without your presence: you just happened to be there to see it after the fact.

I hope to do this sort of thing to you often. "Robin" is a very fun strip for me. It is light-hearted and very positive in its portrayal of the world. I like to think of it as a comic strip you can cut out and show your grandmother.

Okay, now, there's another strip that I will be running here in the "Contributor" about a bunch of college students. This strip is called "Childlife" (a combination of "wildlife" and "childlike"). Featured in it are two young men named Stanley Kowalski and Coop Jennings. Stanley is a very wary young intellectual, anxious to experience life, but very concerned about possibly being made a fool of while he's experiencing it. Coop, on the other hand, is absolutely unafraid of personal comedy of this sort. He has no sensitivity to such "adult" feelings. He is really a naive person who makes life very miserable for Stanley (his roommate) by being insensitive to Stanley's over-sensitivity. From such a bizarre situation are sculpted great comic moments. Watch and see.

Well, I think that pretty much covers it. I've talked a little about comedy and comic strips, and about some of the strips appearing in this issue. I've really enjoyed the opportunity to talk about these things, and I hope the dead frog in front of you doesn't cause your cat to get weird.


"OH, PLEASE!" CRIED PRINCESS ROBIN, "WON'T SOMEONE SAVE ME AND MY LITTLE BOY?"
"I WILL!" SAID THE HANDSOME PRINCE! AND HE FREED ROBIN AND HER SON FROM THE EVIL TOWER!
"WILL YOU MARRY ME, SWEET PRINCESS? AND BRING YOUR BRILLIANT SON TO LIVE WITH ME IN MY BEAUTIFUL, UPPER-MIDDLE-CLASS CASTLE?" "YES! YES!" SHE CRIED!
THESE SESSIONS DO HER A LOT OF GOOD.
AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER WITH A THIRTY YEAR CONVENTIONAL MORTGAGE.

Hazel's Potatoe Bake

An easy,

delicious addition

to any meal...

Preheat oven to 325 degrees

Large package Oreida cubed hashbrowns
1 can cream of potatoe soup
2 cans cream of celery soup
1 cup sour cream (with chive, if desired)
1 medium diced onion

Combine soups, sour cream and onion
Mix in potatoes. Press flat in 9"x14"
glass baking dish. Top with:

8 slices Velveeta
Sprinkle with paprika and parsley
***French fried onions are also a nice topper**

cover with foil, bake 1 1/2 hours,
Remove foil and bake 1 hour more.

Jane's Butter Pecan Dessert

This delightfully

rich dish will

surprise and

excite your sweet

tooth...

2 cups self-rising flour
2 sticks margarine
1 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees
Mix, pat into 9"x13", lightly greased pan.
Bake about 20 minutes (until tan in color).
Cool.

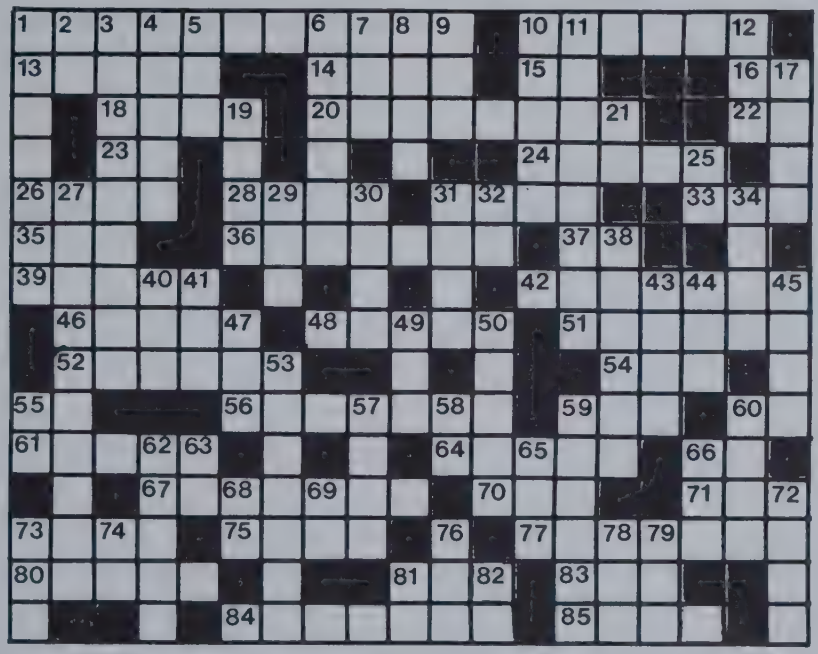
8 oz. cream cheese
1 cup powdered sugar
1 9oz. container cool whip

Whip above 3 ingredients together
and spread over cooled crust.

2 large pkg. butter pecan pudding (instant)
4 1/2 cups milk

Mix together pudding and milk,
Spoon over cream cheese topping.
Top with cool whip, sprinkle with pecans.
Refrigerate.

Crossword Puzzle



across

1) Calamity
10) Bird claw
13) Positive pole of battery
14) Poverty stricken
15) Abbr. registered nurse
16) Abbr. intraveinous
18) Tardy
20) Perseverance
22) Abbr. not applicable
23) Abbr. exempli gratia
24) Four
26) Mythical monster
28) God of love
31) Celt
33) Slang for fool
35) Abbr. urban renewal adm.
36) Convent
37) Exclamation of surprise
39) Skin secretion
42) Perform
46) egg white for glaze
48) Diminish
51) Magic potion
52) Expose to oxygen
54) Digit of the foot
55) Either, ----
56) Rookie
59) Gamble
60) Negative
61) Competitor
64) Strength, influence
66) Achieve
67) Diligent
70) Stick
71) Debtor's note
73) Cease
75) Reasonable
77) Part of
80) Family of story this issue
81) Abbr. also known as
83) Fr. in the style of
85) Method

down

1) Insensitive
2) Indefinite article
3) Endurable
4) Proverb
5) Position
6) Choice
7) Edgar Allen ----
8) Whetstone
9) Time
10) Deer-like animal
12) Transgression
17) Seductive woman
19) Not odd
21) Abbr. Yukon Territory
25) Equally
27) Outgoing
28) Regret
30) Intentional Affront
31) Slang for courage
32) Variant of aye
34) Opposed to
38) -------- skelter
40) Abbr. United Arab Republic
41) ------- Farrow
43) Brawl
44) Cutting tool
45) Cogito ------ Sum
47) Local busline
49) Beer-like beverage
50) Mistake
53) Strive to equal
55) Either, ----
57) Accurate
58) Not down
59) Madhouse
60) Mid day
62) Indians of Cent. Amer.
63) Fr. for "the"
65) Sorrow
66) Expire
68) Equally
69) Upon
72) Western state
73) Fr. for "yes"
74) 3rd person sing.
76) Winter sport
78) Rock group (English)
79) Angry
81) Equally
82) Same as 81 down

Our Greatest Sport's Scandal

The Infamous Black Sox World Series of 1919

by James Sayer

As the Cincinnati Reds and Boston Red Sox slugged their way through the 1975 World Series, an interesting Associated Press item appeared: "Died - Swede Risberg, 82, former professional baseball player." Risberg's death virtually went unnoticed by most sport's fans, but those who saw the AP item and knew baseball history probably nodded their heads in sad acknowledgement. Swede Risberg was the last survivor of the infamous 'Black Sox.' Cold, impersonal records show that the Cincinnati Reds won America's first post-World War I World Series, but those statistics will not tell you why: the reds won because certain members of the Chicago White Sox played to lose. Postwar America's national pastime was rocked by the great Black Sox Scandal, our greatest sport's scandal.

Any observer of the national baseball scene in 1919 would have agreed that the Chicago White Sox were professional baseball's premiere team. Blessed with outstanding pitching, strong fielding, and powerful hitting, the White Sox had demolished American League opposition. The team had great strength in every department; no position showed any weakness. The Cincinnati Reds, on the other hand, were most assuredly a good team, but not one that could match the overall calibre and depth of the White Sox. The Reds had to scrap for every run they could get and then hang-on desperately behind a pitching staff that was not much more than adequate. The White Sox were laden with power, the masters of the "big inning" offense behind the potent bats of Jackson, Gandil, Weaver, Felsh, Risberg, Schalk, and Collins. And to tame the other team's power was a great collection of pitching talent: Cicotte, Farber, Williams, and Kerr. The White Sox clearly were the favorites to win the 1919 World Series.

However, there was one other factor that would influence the outcome of the Series, one that did not show up in any roster or in any scorecard. Although the White Sox were professional baseball's best team, they were also the most poorly paid. Eddie Cicotte, the great Chicago pitcher, had won 69 games from 1917-1919, but his salary was but 6000-a-year. The situation was the same all the way through the White Sox lineup. Many benchwarmers were paid better on other teams in both leagues.

The salary situation certainly seems unreal in contrast to recent developments in professional baseball. Pete Rose, Dave Winfield, Dave Parker, and others earn millions of dollars. Many .250 hitters earn over 200,000 dollars a season, and several players have many hundreds of thousands of dollars guaranteed them through ten-to-twenty-year contracts. Attendance increases, lucrative radio and television contracts, and the effective unionizing activities of the Major League Baseball Players' Association (MLBPA) have pushed salaries to dizzying heights. Today, players receive substantial per diem meal expense money for "away" games, and the minimum salary allowed for a major league player is over 30,000 dollars. That, however, was not the way it was in 1919.

To understand the low salaries of the White Sox players, one must understand the early structure of organized baseball. There was no baseball commissioner--at least, not one with the power of contemporary commissioners like Bowie Kuhn who can fine and suspend both players and owners. There was no players' union like the MLBPA. There were league presidents, but the real power laid in the hands of the owners. The team owners were the giants of baseball, and they were strong enough to act as independently, and arbitrarily, as they liked. Most teams used the "ten-day rule," a strong pro-owner contract clause that

permitted contract termination after ten days' notice at no further salary payment to the player. The players had no means by which they could appeal owners' decisions and actions; they were but the pawns in a game completely controlled by the owners.

It was within this atmosphere of owner control and poor salaries that the White Sox met the Reds in the 1919 World Series.

Because baseball was such an integral part of summer life in America, it attracted the attention of both small and big-time gambling interests throughout the country. So many people were caught up in the annual pennant scramble that it was fairly easy to place a wager on almost every game played. Professional gamblers gave odds on all games, and countless dollars exchanged hands from April to October. Baseball was clearly the nation's favorite sport; gamblers and odds-makers took advantage of this fact. In the euphoria following the end of the First World War, there were plenty of "suckers' ready to lay down money on the outcome of games.

It is not surprising, therefore, in a system pungent with the odor of gambling interests that the ballplayers themselves would get involved. Prior to 1919 there had been many rumors of such corruption, but the light of revelation had shown very infrequently and ineffectively. For example, Hal Chase had been tossed off the Reds roster in 1917 for throwing games for money, but he simply took up his trade again the next season with the New York Giants. Organized baseball took little action to control such gambling activities.

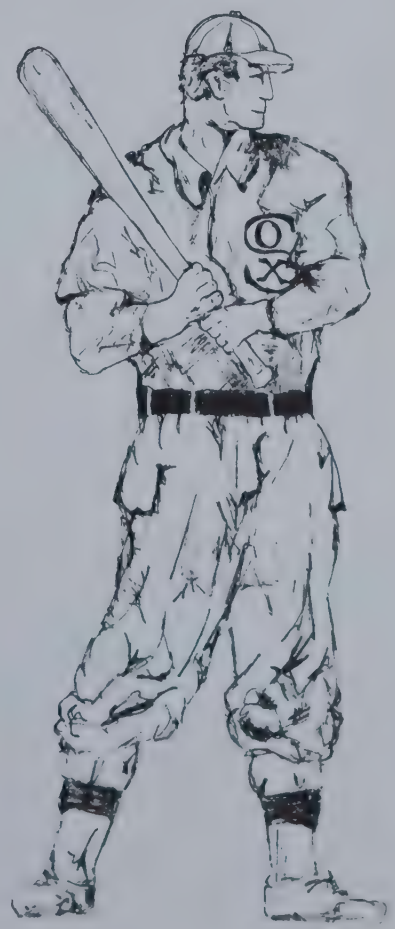
The actual "fix' of the World Series was accomplished easily enough. In early September, less than a month before the opening of the annual October contest, Chicago first baseman Chick Gandil made contact with a small-time gambler in Boston. Gandil had a simple proposition: for 10,000 dollars a man, the White Sox would throw the World Series. Of course, the whole team was not to be involved, just enough of the important players to make certain the results came out as planned. The gambler accepted the proposition, and the fix was on.

It is not difficult to see why Gandil's plan was so readily agreed to. Since the White Sox were such an imposing team, they would be heavily favored in the odds-making. Two-to-one odds against the National League opponent could be expected, meaning that a few substantial well-placed bets could net a handsome profit to those betting against the White Sox. Finding takers would be no problem; this would be the simplest matter in the scheme. The real problem of executing the fix rested with Gandil.

First, he had to gain the compliance of a sufficient number of his teammates. As Gandil knew very well, his co-conspirators had to be integral parts of the White Sox game plan. Otherwise, they would not be in a position to affect the outcome of the Series. After anxious hours of private discussions and promises of a financial bonanza, Gandil secured the assent of seven of his teammates: Cicotte, the great pitcher who first refused but finally agreed to go along; Lefty Williams, second only to Cicotte in pitching prowess with twenty-three victories during the regular season; smooth-fielding third baseman Buck Weaver; shortstop Swede Risberg; utility man Fred McMullin; and outfielders "Shoeless' Joe Jackson and Happy Felsh. Gandil had secured the heart and power of the White Sox. Problem number one had been eliminated.

However, the second problem affecting the plan dealt with its actual implementation: how would the Series be thrown? This question is more complex and difficult than it might appear, because the games had to be lost while giving the appearance that nothing was amiss. It was hard enough to win baseball games; it would be harder to lose games intentionally. The players finally decided to use their skills, which were considerable, against the purpose of their sport. Since many games were won and lost by a

The players may not have been guilty of criminal conspiracy, he reasoned, but they were guilty of violating the ethics and code of baseball...



mere matter of inches and split seconds, the fraud could be perpetrated if the conspirators gave the edge on close plays to the other team. A slight hesitation rounding a base, chasing a fly at not-quite-top speed, a pitch that did not have its usual zip--these would be the devices of defeat. The Black Sox settled on their plan: give the Reds just enough of an advantage on close plays to give them the World Series.

Eddie Cicotte pitched the opening game in Cincinnati amidst rumors of fraud and corruption. To secure the needed money to pay off the players, many gamblers had become involved in the scheme, thereby threatening the security of the fix. However, no one in a position of authority seemed to take the rumors seriously, at least no one did anything about them and the fix went on as planned. Taking a little bit off his fastball and keeping it high in the hitters' power zone, Cicotte served up numerous fat pitches to the Cincinnati batters, giving up six runs in the four innings he pitched. By the time he was sent to the showers, the game, for all practical purposes, was over. Final score: Reds- 9; White Sox- 1.

With the fix on and the pattern established, the rest of the Series was anti-climactic. Lefty Williams served up another Reds victory in the second game, 4-2. Dick Kerr, not a member of the conspiratorial group, pitched the White Sox to victory in game three, 3-0; but Cicotte followed with a 2-0 loss the next day, quite literally throwing the game away with two intentionally-made errors. Williams then lost the fifth game; Kerr won the sixth and Cicotte the seventh. The affair finally came to an end when Williams threw the eighth game, and the Cincinnati Reds became the World Series champions, winning the nine-game contest five to three.

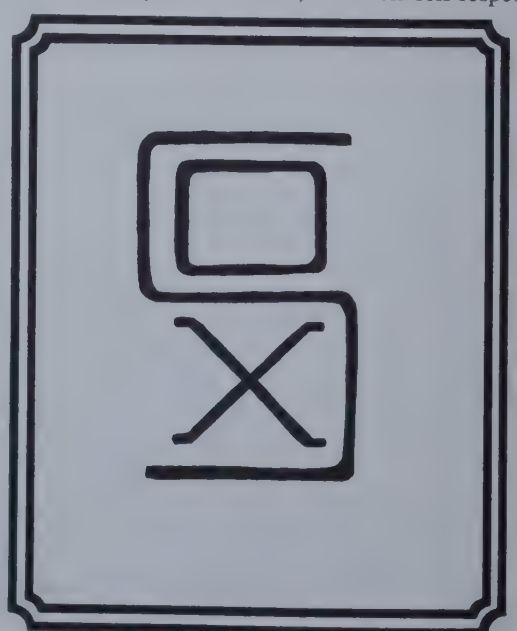
Despite the surprisingly large number of people who were aware of the fix, the scandal was not uncovered right away. Many reporters were suspicious of the collapse of the White Sox, especially the poor pitching of Cicotte and Williams and the lack of timely hitting by the heart of the Chicago batting order. Many had suspicions, but nobody had any proof and the matter faded. Gandil retired from baseball; the rest of the Black Sox were back on the field for the 1920 season. Yet, to men who devoted their lives to excellence in sport, the knowledge of their fraud seemed to be too much to bear. Under intense personal pressure, Cicotte finally broke down and admitted his complicity in the scandal; so, too, did Jackson. In September of 1920, nearly one year after the fix, the scandal was blown open across the nation's press. The sport was rocked to its foundations.

Baseball players were considered more than mere professional athletes, they were national heroes. But now eight members of the sport's best team were involved in the greatest sport's scandal in American history. Something had to be done to preserve the crumbling integrity of baseball itself. Realizing that the existent organization within professional baseball was powerless and ineffectual to stop such future scandals, the owners agreed to a fundamental change: the creation of a Baseball Commissioner who would have great powers in the running of the sport. Kenesaw Mountain Landis, an Illinois federal judge, was tabbed as the first commissioner, committed to the cleaning up of baseball and the elimination of gambling and other such shady interests.

The eight players were indicted for criminal conspiracy, and the trial held national attention for many weeks. High-powered attorneys represented both sides in the case many witnesses were called; several small-time gamblers were implicated, but the big ones were unmentioned. Although complicity in the fraud had been a virtually admitted issue (Cicotte and Jackson had confessed), the jury apparently did not believe that the fix constituted criminal conspiracy--a cruel fraud, perhaps, but not criminal conspiracy. Whatever the exact reason, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

However, Commissioner Landis did not share the same charitable mood. His job, as he saw it, was to clean up baseball, to repair its tarnished image. Accordingly, Landis banned the Black Sox from professional baseball for all time. The players may not have been guilty of criminal conspiracy, he reasoned, but they were guilty of violating the ethics and code of baseball, and they had admitted this violation. It may not have been a crime against the people but it was most certainly a crime against baseball, and the new baseball commissioner would not allow such "criminals" to participate in the game again. Despite repeated appeals for clemency and charity, Landis never wavered in the years that followed, nor did his successors. No member of the Black Sox ever wore a major league baseball uniform again. Fraud brought an end to many outstanding careers and probably meant that two otherwise-likely candidates, Eddie Cicotte and "Shoeless Joe" Jackson, would never be enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame.

There is irony in the story of the Black Sox. The players threw the 1919 World Series for money, but the gamblers double-crossed them. Only Gandil and Cicotte received full amounts of the pay-off. The others received part of the promised money or none at all. And when the amount of money of future salaries lost by Landis's excommunication is considered, the Black Sox tremendously came out in the "red." They perpetrated fraud for money, and in the end they lost money, their careers, and their self-respect.



Honor Thy Father

April Wilson, of Huber Heights, is currently a student of English and Modern Languages at Wright State University.

George Usted sat at the head of his table, surrounded by his family. All heads were bowed in strict reverence; hands tightly clasped.

"Our heavenly Father, we ask Your forgiveness for all our sins. We ask You to bless this food before us; and we pray for grace to live with our heads held high as we fulfil Your holy commandments."

"Mama?"

"Hush, darling. Father's not through."

George dared a brief admonitory glance at the child.

"Amen."

Ceremoniously, George raised his head and reached for the platter of meat set before him on the table.

"Mama?"

"Yes, dear?" Martha asked her youngest child, the only daughter of the whole bunch.

"Mama, may I be excused?" she whispered, glancing around at the older boys.

"Oh! Of course, dear," the mother smiled. "Adam," she indicated the eldest son who sat at his father's right, "please take Rachel out back."

Adam rose immediately and circled to the other side of the table. Sliding Rachel's chair back, he set her gently on the bare floor and took her tiny, delicate hand into his heavy one. As they walked, Rachel's skipping shuffle was drowned out by her brother's heavy steps on the cleanly swept floor.

They stopped in front of the door. Adam reached for the small red coat that hung on a worn peg and held it open while Rachel slipped her arms into the sleeves. Kneeling, he secured the buttons and drew the hood far up over her short, curly brown hair, and tied the strings into as good of a bow as his large, clumsy fingers would allow.

He rose to his full height, lifted the long rifle from its rack over the door and tucked it under his left arm.

Lifting her into his arms, he unbolted the solid wooden door and carried her out into the black night.

George carved the large turkey that lay on the wooden platter. He served his wife first, then placed a small, tender piece on Rachel's plate. After helping himself, he filled Adam's plate generously, then passed the platter on to the rest of his sons.

The table was long, sturdy and rectangular, built to seat a large family. Once, it had stood as an oak, tall and majestic in the Little Woods; but one of George's fore-fathers, generations ago, had chosen it to grace the house. That table stood as a living symbol of the family's continuity. In George's chair at the head of the table, once sat his father, and his father's father and so on for untold generations. One day, Adam would sit there.

Having lit the lantern inside, Adam stepped out and closed the door, leaving Rachel in privacy. After a few moments, a stray beam of light peaked through the crack in the doorway.

"Rachel? What is it?" he asked.

"My string is a knot! Can you fix it?" She swung open the door, standing with several layers of clothing bunched up at her waist. "Here, can you?"

"You know, Rachel, you're gonna wear out the knees of these pants before the night is through. Here now, hold still, I've almost got it. All right, there you go." He rose to his feet and swatted her backside, smiling as she scrambled to close the door before she completely lost her dignity.

In a few minutes Rachel reappeared.

"Ready?" Adam asked.

"Ready."

"Well, let's get back to dinner before it gets cold."

He swung Rachel into his arms, reached for the gun and turned, and plodded through the thick ground cover toward the warmth of the house. Barely had they left when Rachel squealed and tried to wriggle free of Adam's grasp.

"What is it, Rachel?" Adam asked, letting her slip to the ground.

"Over there! Over there! Can't you see it? Oh, I can, Adam, I can!"

She fidgeted, unable to restrain herself. Adam hunched down to the child's level to follow the direction of her slim forefinger. Peering into the dark shadows of the tool shed, he searched for an indication of what she saw.

"I still don't see anything," he said, inching closer.

"It's there, honest. I really saw it."

"Well, what is it? Can you tell me what it looked like?"

"It was little and round, maybe like a rabbit."

Suddenly something small and dark darted from the absolute darkness of the shadows into the faint light of the moon; but as soon as they saw it, it saw them. Before they could distinguish more than brown fur, four legs, and a tail, the creature once again disappeared.

"I wonder what that was?" Adam said.

"Oh, it's just Mishka." Rachel answered, advancing toward the shed.

"What? Hold still, young lady." Adam pulled her back against him. "What in the world is a 'mishka'?"

"Not a 'what', silly. He's a 'who'." Rachel dropped to her knees and patted her legs with her hands. "Come, Mishka, come here. It's all right, Mishka, I won't hurt you."

Reassured by the child's gentle voice, the creature dared exposure and before Adam could react, Rachel had her hands full of an eager, rambunctious puppy.

"See, Adam, see? This is Mishka. Isn't he adorable?" Rachel clasped the wriggling pup to her chest, nuzzling her nose in the puppy's soft fur.

Adam was puzzled. Where in the world did this puppy with the little leather collar come from? Certainly he would have known if one of their bitches had whelped. Better yet, how did Rachel know it? She was always confined to the house or the porch, unless she was with one of the boys.

"Rachel?" Adam began.

She was oblivious to his question. The pup had caught hold of her hood strings and was tugging playfully.

"Rachel?" he asked again, sitting beside the playing pair.

"What?" she giggled, trying to retrieve her ties.

'Where did this pup come from?" His voice was deliberate and calm.

"He belongs to--oh!" Rachel renewed her laughter as the little dog attempted to wet her face with his darting tongue.

Impatient, Adam grabbed the pup by the scruff of its neck and held it away from Rachel.

"Where does he come from?" he asked again.

Rachel suddenly became occupied with readjusting her hood ties, trying to hide her anxiety.

"Where, Rachel?" He forced patience.

"You'll just be mad at me."

"Just tell me. I won't get mad, I promise."

"His name is Mishka."

"Yes, I know. But where does he live?"

"He lives at--he belongs to Natasha."

"Natasha!" Adam couldn't control the rise in his voice. "Natasha Mikhailovna?" But it wasn't a question.

The two sat on the cold hard ground in oppressive silence. Only the squirming of the puppy and his indignant yelp broke the silence.

The grandmother shuffled to the one glass window in the room. She stood silently staring out into the black. But what she saw was only in her mind.

"Father will kill him." Rachel's voice sounded hoarse.

"Yes," Adam admitted.

"Oh, Adam, please! Don't let Father hurt Mishka."

Rachel threw herself against Adam's chest; her fists clenched at his shirtfront as she tugged at him. Sobbing, she begged him to intervene on the puppy's behalf.

"Hush, sweetheart," Adam whispered as, with his free arm, he clasped her to his chest to still her trembling. "Hush now. Don't cry, Rachel, I'll see what I can do."

As she began to quiet, he released her long enough to reach for the handkerchief in his coat pocket. Drying the teary stains on her face, his dark eyes searched her pale blue ones for the trust he had always proved worthy of.

"I'll do what I can, Rachel, I promise. But don't get your hopes up, you know how Father is."

Sniffling, she bobbed her head.

"Yes," her voice quivered, "thank you."

He patted her eyes dry and held the cloth for her to blow her runny nose.

"Now," he said, taking a deep breath, "let's get back before everyone comes looking for us, shall we?"

He tied his belt to the pup's collar and secured it behind the shed.

"He'll be fine here for now, until we decide how to get him back to the Mikhailovna's."

"Do you think we will get him back?"

"I don't know, Rachel," he answered. "I just don't know."

The family was well into dinner, engaged in a bustling conversation, when Grandmother decided it was time to grace the family with her presence.

She was actually much younger than her frail, hunched body indicated; but from the agonizing manner in which she descended the stairs, resting breathlessly after each step, her sixty years seemed to have doubled.

George leapt from his chair to help her the rest of the way.

"Come, Mother," he said, taking her arm to steady her swaying. "Come join us for Thanksgiving Dinner. Please, Mother, just this once."

"Thanksgiving!" she screeched, jerking away from his supporting grasp. "What have I to be thankful for?"

"Mother, Please--"

"No." She brandished her cane like a weapon, slashing at his legs. "Get away from me, you ungrateful--"

"Mother Usted," Martha broke in, "please join us. The meal is a good one. Rachel picked the pumpkin for the pie."

"Rachel? Where is my grandbaby?" the old woman searched the room with her eyes. "Where is she?"

"It's all right, Mother," George said. "Adam's taken her to the outhouse."

"Outhouse? You let that boy take my baby outside on this of all nights? You know it's not safe! You know very well what this night is."

"Mother," she sighed, "Adam's not a boy, and Rachel's perfectly safe with him. Even outside."

The grandmother shuffled to the one glass window in the room. She stood silently staring out into the black. But what she saw was only in her mind.

"My husband was no boy, either," she whispered, placing her wrinkled hand on the pane.

Tears flowed from her eyes as she remembered.

"We were eating Thanksgiving Dinner, too. Such a large fat turkey, and pie and berry sauce. Then came all the noise: the dogs howling, the horses thrashing in their stalls, the chickens all aflutter and the bleating of the lambs. There was so much commotion with your father and all the boys running out with pails of water. They got all the stock out of the barn, except that filly. Your father wouldn't give her up. When it was over, we found the both of them, charred under the rubble and ashes. That damned Mikhailovna!"

"Mother, there never was any proof that Lenin Mikhailovna started that fire."

"Of course he did it. Don't be crazy. That bastard would stop at nothing to destroy all of us. He wants it all! His land isn't enough; he wants the whole valley."

"Well," Jonathon, the second son of George broke in, "they say we planted the bear trap that took off Alexander's leg."

A smile flashed across the grandmother's face, but she quickly sobered.

"Don't be speakin' of those filthy cowards on the day of your grandfather's death, young man. Don't shame our house that way."

The door swung open as Adam ducked to enter the house, arms full of Rachel and the gun.

"Good evening, Grandmother," Adam said, smiling.

"What took you so long, young man? You should have had her back ages ago."

"Grandmother, it's all right," Adam said.

"Well, you just put her down right now. She must come upstairs with me so I can watch over her closely."

The old woman reached a gnarled hand out to tug on the child's arm that held tightly to Adam. Squeezing her once for reassurance, he relinquished his sister to his grandmother's care.

"Don't worry," he whispered, kissing her forehead before the grandmother led the girl toward the stairs.

Adam watched as they disappeared, knowing the fear that overwhelmed his sister. She was just a baby; too young to carry the burden of someone's fate on her shoulders, even if it was only the fate of a puppy.

"Son," George interrupted his son's reverie, "come to dinner. It's getting cold."

"Yes, sir," he answered, taking a deep breath. He walked toward the table and reached for Rachel's untouched plate. 'I'll just take this up to her," he said.

Nevertheless, it was this incident that broke the unspoken truce that had existed for the past ten years.

Later in the night, while the parents and grandmother sat before the hearth drinking coffee, the boys settled down for the night. Dressed in nightshirts, they sat on their bunks talking and laughing quietly.

Adam, who was twenty years old, was looked upon with great respect and sometimes awe by the younger ones. He greatly resembled his father; both were tall, thickly muscled men of dark complexion. On the other hand, the younger boys: Jonathon, who was seventeen; Garrett, sixteen; and Benjamin, fifteen, inherited their mother's blondish hair and clear blue eyes, though years of farm labor in the hot sun had bronzed their skin to a deep golden brown. All were healthy and strong- for which Martha never failed to thank God- and obedient, taught to jump at their father's command, just as it had always been.

After half an hour or so of teasing and laughter, they finally quieted down to sleep. But Adam lay awake for what seemed to him hours, his thoughts on the puppy. If it was up to him, he'd just let it loose in the Little Woods and hope it would find its way to the Mikhailovna's side of the valley. But with Rachel depending on him to save it, he had no heart to be careless. He certainly couldn't just walk into the Mikhailovna's land; that would be suicide. And if his father found the whelp, he'd simply tie a rock to its neck and dump it in the lake, regardless of Rachel's tears.

How did Rachel know that it was Natasha's puppy anyway? Or for that matter, how did she even know Natasha Mikhailovna?

Unable to sleep, Adam slipped out of his bed and silently made his way to his sister's room.

Rachel shared her grandmother's bed, but since Adam could still hear the woman downstairs, it was safe enough for a few questions. He quietly turned the handle and eased the door open wide enough for him to slip into the room. Padding on bare feet to the bed, he sat on the empty side, careful not to startle Rachel, who slept on the far side against the wall so she wouldn't tumble out of bed.

Gently, he nudged her shoulder with his finger. Already wide awake, she rolled to face him.

"I can't sleep, Adam."

"Neither can I."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm still thinking. But first, I want to ask you some questions."

"About what?"

"Natasha Mikhailovna."

"Oh."

Rachel had explained to Adam how, upon hearing a barking dog and thinking it might be one of their own, she entered the woods. Instead she found a strange brown puppy tangled in some brush by a length of rope. Stooping to free the little animal, she found herself face to face with a girl her own age.

The children, shyly at first, began to talk; and soon, as young ones do, established a friendship. Being so young and naive, it did not occur to them that they should hate each other as their fathers would undoubtedly teach them one day.

Instead, they laughed and sang, made necklaces out of wild flowers and played with the puppy. But time passed quickly and each girl realized the danger of being caught in the woods. So after hugging each other, they swore to be friends always and meet again when they were old enough to play in the woods by themselves. Maybe when they were eight years old.

"I looked up, Adam," Rachel said, "and saw a little girl hiding in the bushes. We sat there for a long time just watching each other until Mishka started whining. We untied the puppy, then I asked her if it was hers; she said, 'Yes, his name is Mishka.'

"Then we started talking and playing. She was so pretty and so nice, Adam," Rachel whispered. "We had such wonderful fun."

"Did you ever see her again?" Adam asked.

"No. Do you think I ever will?"

"I doubt it."

"Why do Grandmother and Father hate Natasha and her family?"

"Because Grandfather did, and because his father did."

"But, why?"

"It doesn't matter--to them. They just do, that's enough for them."

"Adam, I don't think I understand."

"Neither do I, Rachel. Neither do I."

"Do I have to hate them, too? I don't want to; she's my friend."

Adam remained silent. What could he say to her? How could he explain what he, himself, didn't understand?"

"Go to sleep, sweetheart," he said.

"But Father will find Mishka in the morning."

"No, he won't. I'll take him back before Father gets up."

"But if you get caught, you'll get in a lot of trouble."

"Don't worry about me." He kissed her flushed cheek. "Go to sleep."

"Adam," she reached for his hand, "I love you."

"I love you, too, Rachel." He straightened the bed covers, pulling them up to her chin. "Even if it's the only honest thing in my life, God knows, I love you." Rising hastily, he headed for the door. "Have sweet dreams, for both of us," he said, closing the door.

Adam ran blindly through the dense trees, vines and branches slashing at his face, leaving thin bloody streaks.

Once again, Adam lay awake in his bed, tossing restlessly as he searched for an answer. Rachel had told him her story, hesitantly at first, of how she came to know of the Mikhailovna girl.

It happened about a month ago. The weather had been fine, so George and his sons had gone hunting, leaving Martha, Rachel, and the grandmother, with Jonathon for protection. The grandmother had been napping, and Martha and Jonathon had gone off into the fields to gather vegetables for winter storage. Rachel, left to her own devices, wandered out of the yard and found herself at the edge of Little Woods.

Little Woods, as it's name implies, is just that: a small stand of trees. Thick with undergrowth, it proved an ideal place to hunt small game such as rabbit, squirrel, opossum and the like. The boys went often to the little hunting paradise. But, as it happened, Little Woods was located directly between the Usted's property and the Mikhailovna's.

About five years ago, one of Lenin Mikhailovna's sons, Anton, had been hunting alone. Somehow, no one knows what happened for sure, George's father, Hadden Usted, had run across the dead body of the boy, one bullet hole in his chest.

Of course Hadden was full of remorse about the unfortunate youth's accident. "He shouldn't have been alone,' Hadden had said, placing blame on Mikhailovna.

Nevertheless, it was this incident that broke the unspoken truce that had existed for the past ten years.

Seven months later, there was another "accident". Joshua Usted, youngest son of George, had been hunting rabbit with two of his brothers, Adam and Garrett. Temporarily separated from Joshua, the brothers heard his shots and came to see his quarry. Instead, they found Joshua dead, a single bullet lodged in his chest. Garrett, however, caught a glimpse of Alexander and Yury Mikhailovna racing through the trees.

Of course Lenin Mikhailovna was full of sorrow for the boy's accident born of carelessness. "George," Lenin said, "you should teach your sons to be more careful."

Life quieted down for a long while until two years later, when Alexander lost his left leg to a bear trap concealed in the woods. It was a matter of record that the Little Woods was too small to provide haven for anything as large as a bear. Several months later came the barn fire which took Hadden Usted's life, leaving his wife and son filled with rancor and bitterness.

As a result of these incidents, the Usteds and the Mikhailovnas came to an agreement. No weapons, gun or knife, were allowed in the Little Woods. That area became a safe playground for all the children. Peace prevailed for the next three years, not counting fist to fist confrontations by the sons of each home.

Rachel, of course, was not allowed in the Little Woods. Fighting between the boys was one thing; his daughter was a completely different matter. Even though she was only seven years old, only a fool would trust the Mikhailovna boys with a girl.

Now it was Rachel's turn to lie awake, her mind overwhelmed with thoughts she could not comprehend. One thing she did understand, however; Adam was going to try to return Natasha's puppy.

Even though she didn't understand the "whys" of it, Rachel knew enough from having overheard heated arguments and unusual language, that her brothers received whippings for using, that Adam was taking a great risk for her. What if he was caught? Father never punished Adam anymore; he was too old and too big, even bigger than Father. But if Father caught Adam doing something for the Mikhailovnas, he was sure to punish him. Since Adam was too big to switch, maybe Father would begin hating Adam like he hated Natasha; or he might be mad enough to kill him.

Rachel bolted up in bed, her stomach heaving violently. Her body shook and her pores released a stream of perspiration, soaking her white cotton nightgown. Gasping with heavy breath, she threw back the covers and slid to the cold, hard floor. Rachel's little bare feet slapped across the floor as she ran to the door. Her heart throbbing in her throat, she eased the door open and slipped into the darkened hallway.

She crept down the stairs and skirted the wall of the big room, careful to remain hidden in the shadows. Rachel could hear her parents and grandmother talking in subdued voices as, with their backs to her, they sat in front of the dying fire. She continued to make her way to the front door. Somehow, she managed to lift the latch and remove the heavy bar that secured the door, laying it on the homespun rug at her feet. Slowly, inch by inch, avoiding creaks, she opened the door, slipped outside, and took a deep breath.

In thin gown, with bare vulnerable feet, Rachel dashed across the yard toward the shed. Reaching the shadows, she dropped to her knees.

The puppy leaped at her face, yelping and whimpering, tugging on her gown with tiny, needlesharp teeth. Rachel pushed the puppy away and, after jerking Adam's belt free of the shed, she grabbed him and ran.

After stumbling a number of times and losing her hold on the puppy twice, Rachel finally reached the Little Woods. She paused only once, glancing back toward her home, then crawled under the border fence and entered the eery, dense woods.

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"Oh God, oh God, oh God," the grandmother wailed as she stared at the empty bed.

George, Martha and sons in tow, rushed into the bedroom and saw the terror of the old woman's eyes.

"What? What is it, Mother?" George gasped, breathless from the run.

"My baby! My baby! She's gone. The devil's taken her. I knew it! I knew she wasn't safe on this evil night. My man wasn't enough for him; now he's taken my baby Rachel."

"Mikhailovna," George whispered.

"No!" Martha cried, searching the room for her daughter. 'Rachel? Rachel, come here. Come to me, sweetheart, where are you hiding?'

Adam stood in despair, staring at the empty, ruffled bed.

"Oh no, Rachel," his lips silently formed the words as he squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the fear.

"You boys--search the house and grounds. Now!" George said.

"No! No, you can't waste any time. Go after him. Go after him and get my grandbaby."

George waved his sons out, but Adam was already gone.

Lenin Mikhailovna sat across the table from his eldest son, Ivan, sipping his brew.

"You know we will have a busy day tomorrow, my son. I want to fall enough trees to last us through the end of the season. Your brothers will not like so much work, no?"

"No, Papa," Ivan chuckled. "I do not think they will like it so much."

"Well, it is good for them. Grandfather always said, 'Good hard work, it cleanses a good strong soul'."

"Well," Ivan said, leaning back to stretch his aching muscles, "after all the work we did today, I have the cleanest soul for miles around."

Anna stood behind her husband, rubbing his shoulders with slim, yet firm hands.

"Len," she said, "it is late. You keep Ivan from his rest."

"Yes, you are right, Anna. It is time for us all to retire."

The men stood up in unison. Ivan doused the solitary candle on the kitchen table. Suddenly, a wild ruckus outside the house startled them all.

"Something's roused the dogs," Lenin muttered, stepping toward the gun rack near the door. Ivan following closely, the two men opened the door and stepped out onto the porch.

"My God!" Ivan shouted, staring at the small, frail child backed in terror against a large tree, three shaggy wolfhounds holding her at bay.

"Back!" Lenin roared, rushing toward the growling dogs. "Back!"

The dogs retreated as Len and Ivan approached the frightened child. Ivan knelt before her. He took the puppy from her unresisting hands and held it out to his father.

"Natasha's pup," Ivan said, keeping his eyes on the girl. "Who are you, child?" he asked. "What's your name?"

"Rachel."

"Rachel?" Ivan glanced back at his father. "Usted?" he asked, amazed.

She nodded, awaiting his wrath.

"Father? Can you believe this? This is Usted's daughter, the same age as Natasha." He crept closer on his knees. "Are you hurt, child?" he asked, searching her filthy, scratched body for serious injury.

"No," she whispered, shaking her head.

"Oh, my goodness, what is this?" Anna came out into the yard, pulling on her robe. "Oh, my, Len. She's just a baby. Who is she?" The woman came closer, bending down to better see the child.

"Rachel Usted. We found her with Mishka in her arms. She must have found him. But don't ask me how she could have known it belonged here."

"Rachel Usted?" Anna turned toward her husband. "Please, Len, it doesn't matter, does it? She's only a baby."

Lenin looked at his wife, then at the child.

"Father," Ivan said, "what if it had been the other way around? What if they had Natasha?"

"All right," Lenin said.

"Good," Anna said, relieved. "Let's get her inside where it's warm. She needs tending and something warm to eat; the poor child's nearly frozen." Anna headed inside to make preparations.

Ivan held his arms out to the child. Something in his piercing, honest gaze must have reminded her of Adam for she rushed into his grasp and buried her face against his shoulder.

"Son, we must return her as soon as possible. It may even be too late now."

"Yes, Papa."

Adam ran blindly through the dense trees, vines and branches slashing at his face, leaving thin bloody streaks. One thought repeated itself over and over: he had to get to Rachel before it was too late. Nothing else mattered anymore. He didn't care what happened to himself; let the Mikhailovnas do what they wanted. But if any one of them laid a hand on Rachel, nothing would stop him from exacting a revenge they would never forget.

When Ivan and Lenin returned to the house they were confronted by the rest of Lenin's sons. Alexander dragged himself forward with the use of his crutches and stared at the child in his brother's arms.

"I don't believe it," Alexander sneered. "A Usted on our own front porch. George is making it easy for us, or is she a gift? Or a peace offering. A sacrificial lamb?"

Ignoring his brother, Ivan shouldered his way through the group toward his mother who waited anxiously at the table. Ivan sat the girl on the table and stepped back to give his mother room.

With a wet cloth, Anna washed Rachel's arms and face.

"Only scratches, I think. She'll be fine."

Lenin stepped forward.

"Hurry, Anna. I must take her back now."

"Take her back?" Alexander cried. "Are you crazy? You can't take her back. Usted would skin you alive!"

"Of course we must take her back." Ivan said.

"No," Alexander pivoted to face his brother. "Look at my leg, you fool." He swung the stump toward Ivan. "They owe me, don't you see? They owe me!"

"No, Alexander," Anna said. "Not another word!"

"But look at me," Alex cried, staring at what remained of his left leg with sickened hostility. "Here's my chance to pay the bastard back."

"No!" Ivan faced Alexander with tightly reigned anger. "Think man, think! What if it was the other way around? What if they had Natasha? Would you want them to take it out on her?"

Alexander, cursing under his breath, turned away from Ivan.

Lenin walked to the table where Rachel sat, sipping nervously from a mug of warm milk.

"Come, child," he said, reaching for the mug. he handed it to his wife. "No time for that now. We must hurry."

"Father," Ivan said, stepping forward, "let me take her."

"No, son. I must do this myself."

"Father, please. Let me go. It's better this way."

Without waiting for a reply, Ivan stepped forward and took the girl into his arms. Anna handed him a thick blanket which they wrapped around her.

...his own heart crying for the forgiveness his father would never ask for.

Forced to pause for breath, Adam heard footsteps ahead and halted behind a tree for cover. Moments later, he gasped as he saw Ivan Mikhailovna come into view, carrying Rachel in his arms.

Adam stepped out into the main path, ready to face Ivan.

Seeing Adam, Ivan stopped. They both stood still, staring at each other in suspicious distrust.

"We found her in our yard," Ivan said.

Adam said nothing.

"She had my sister's dog," Ivan spoke again.

Adam nodded. "We found it earlier this evening. Rachel ran off to return it. She was protecting me." Adam attempted a smile.

Ivan returned the smile. "She's a pretty child. Natasha, my sister, would like her."

"Yes," Adam nodded, relaxing somewhat. "Rachel likes her. She told me they played together once, here in the woods."

"Yes, Natasha told me, too. They must be lonely."

They stood silently once again, watching each other.

"Which one are you? I'm Adam."

"I am Ivan."

Adam nodded, glancing apprehensively at Rachel.

"I was bringing her back to you."

"Yes, I know. I don't think you would hurt her, no matter what my father says."

Ivan looked insulted. "No, we would never have hurt her. She's only a child, an innocent. She's only asleep now, you know," he indicated her limp body.

"May I have her now?" Adam asked, extending his arms slowly.

"Of course, Adam."

Ivan stepped forward.

Suddenly, George and his sons, Jonathon and Garrett, stepped into view.

"No, Father!" Adam cried.

"You took my baby!" George growled.

"No, Father, he didn't. He was bringing her back."

George stared at the limp, seemingly lifeless body of his daughter in Ivan's arms.

"You filthy, no good son of a--"

"Father!" Adam pleaded, stepping forward.

"What did you do to her, you bastard? What?" George didn't wait for an answer; he didn't need one.

"Father, Rachel is fine. She's fine," Adam said.

George looked coldly at his eldest son, then he shifted his gaze back to Ivan.

"You better start prayin', Mikhailovna," George said, raising his rifle even with Ivan's chest.

"Father you don't understand. It's not what you think."

"I understand perfectly." He leveled the rifle. "Put her down."

Adam started; Ivan glanced uncertainly at him.

"I said, 'put her down'."

Ivan laid the sleeping child on the soft ground at the side of the path. He took a deep breath and faced George.

"Father," Adam warned.

George cocked the rifle.

Adam rushed at his father; reaching for the muzzle of the gun, he ripped it from the other's grasp. Losing his balance, Adam tumbled onto the ground. George, violent rage in his eyes, pulled a pistol from his coat and fired two shots in rapid succession at Ivan.

As the smoke and dust cleared, Adam crawled toward the prone body in the path. Ivan lay gasping at the wrenching pain in his chest. Two open wounds revealed torn mangled flesh; blood spurted out with each beat of his faltering heart.

"No!" Adam's bellow filled the air. "Ivan," Adam held the dying man to his own chest, his own heart crying for the forgiveness his father would never ask for. He pressed his hand against the open holes in Ivan's chest; but the blood kept coming, seeping through his stained fingers. Ivan's body convulsed once, then became still. Adam laid him gently on the ground. He pushed himself to his feet and turned to face his father.

George stood frozen, gazing with blank eyes at the bloody scene. Both of his younger sons backed away, sickened by what they had seen. Adam approached his father and tore the gun from his limp grasp, throwing the weapon deep into the darkness of the woods.

He stared into his father's cold, ever hard eyes, his own swelling unashamedly with tears. The two men stood that way for a long moment, reading the shame in each other's faces.

Adam grasped his father's coat front with cold fury, then abruptly released him, seeing the blood from his hands smear across his father's chest.

"You were wrong," Adam said. "God you were wrong. All my life I've looked up to you, believed in you"

Adam turned to Rachel, who huddled behind a tree near where Ivan had laid her. He knelt next to her and wiped his bloody hands on the grass, removed his coat and wrapped it around her shivering body. Lifting her into his arms, he glanced one final time at his father, then turned and walked away.

Poetry by Barry Kelley

Terminus

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They sat, . in estranged silence,

On Persian carpet elegance

Listening to Mozart, but not together

While the siamese slept.

The stately clock ticked away the idle moments,

Each a stone in a wall of silence

That separated two wary foes

Who'd known each other long, but not well.

He blew his nose, but careful and shy-like,

Lest he trespass the sanctity

Of her darkly colored, troubled musings.

And she, in turn, sat rigid in her rocker,

Statue-still,

Keeping the tense truce.

Meanwhile, the siamese slept.

In mute stupefaction they sat,

Cold, severe, remote,

Living in passion's doom,

Their lives turning in lazy, slow motion,

Circling each other, but never touching.

He cleared his throat to signal bedtime;

She nodded mechanical assent.

Their bed a minefield, they did not make love.

He snored; she chewed gum.

Desire crouched in a corner,

A beggar waiting for a bone,

While the siamese slept.

Mona Lisa

I wooed you

loud and clamorous,

A noisy gong

Seeking favor through the furious eloquence

Of one who must scintillate,

Emblazon his truth,

But know no peace.

And you,

in potent silence,

Your fluency unspoken,

Cooled my fevered tongue,

Soothed my convulsion,

And, in the solemn temple of Deep-still,

Taught me the peace of quiet.

I Slept With Grandfather Today

I slept with Grandfather today.

We rode a water bed surf,
Moved with its tides,
Sailed its placid seas
Borne gently aloft on each other's sighs,
We listened to a seashell
Tell us of oceans yet unseen,
And loved each other without speaking of it.

I held Grandfather's hand today.
And with curious rock climber's fingers
He searched me out,
Felt his way along my palm,
Breathed easy,
And squeezed it softly.

I held Grandfather today.
His eyes wet from the-moment,
He tried to talk but couldn't
Giving way to love's unspoken eloquence.
And as we lay in God's timeless embrace,
We found the foundation of the world
And that of the Age to come.

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